Vol. VI. OCTOBER, 1891. No. 10.

"A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power and disinterested love."— CHANNING.

THE UNITARIAN

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Journal of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. VI. OCTOBER, 1891. No. 10.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Toll! toll! toll!
How it strikes on the nation's soul!
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Says the solemn chapel bell,
In the olden town,
To the poet of happy renown.
Toll! toll! toll!

Farewell! farewell! farewell!
The people re-echo the knell;
All eyes do fill,
And the quickening pulses thrill;
Each gentle heart
So cherished his master-art.
Toll! toll! toll!

His honest speech
Could the plainest countryman reach;
And when he sung,
In the downright Yankee tongue,
They listened to hear
The things that were good for their ear.
Toll! toll! toll!

The nations afar
Beheld him a shining star
Of a steadfast light,
Through all of our darkest night;
And they heard him say,
"Fear not for the coming day."
Toll! toll! toll!

Faithful and true
To the Old World and the New,
He finished his days,
With the noble patriot ways,
In the home of his sires,
Till they flickered, his ancient fires.
Toll! toll! toll!

Then he gave up his breath
To the gentle conqueror Death.
We see through our tears
His immortal, his radiant years,
His blessed release,
And the voice of the land says: "Peace!
Cease, bells, to toll,
And chime for a risen soul,
A risen soul!"

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

Somerville, Mass.

HEART-ACHE AND HEART'S-EASE.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES, IN THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES, BOSTON, MASS.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."—PSALM xlii. 5.

Our deepest experiences have been described as a silent dialogue between the soul and God. The soul speaks through its sense of need, imperfection, fear: God answers in our hopes, our trust, our clearer vision. Our emotions are like divine lessons, or like drawings toward some higher destiny,—lessons we may fail to learn, drawings we may easily resist. We are creatures of passion, weakness, fault, aspiration: we oscillate and vacillate between content and restlessness, joy and pain. If I speak of Heart-ache and Heart's-ease, you will all know what I mean: text and sermon are already written in your personal history.

The shady side or the seamy side of life must have a meaning and a purpose. Vinet says, "Nothing teaches the soul so many things as sorrow; and the wise Teacher pronounces a blessing on them that mourn." Something like suffering seems to be set down in the programme,—provided for as a part of our earthly lot. The infant smiles; but also the infant weeps. All the little ones have their griefs; and those who are too old or too proud for tears do not escape.

Literature is full of confessions: human breath escapes in sighs as well as in laughter; and often through the music of joy runs an undertone, a minor key, of sadness. But the loud sounds of the world are not the sounds of woe. Mirth is noisy. Sorrow lowers its voice. Often it is silent, muffled, and suppressed within the heart; and, when a smile is on the lips, there may

be a wearying and weakening sense, as of inward bleeding.

Multitudes, both of men and women, live under the shadow of some nameless, unspoken grief,—some disappointment in their life-plans, their business, ambitions, affections,—their hopes blighted, the brightness of their morning turned to a dull, gray day.

What a world of heart-aches comes from the maladjustment of personal relations,—from chronic misunderstandings, and from the apparent impossibility of good understanding, between those who must nevertheless share the same home and the same lot, if not for better, then for worse! Sometimes there are brothers and sisters, who have been dandled on the same knees and have slept in the same chamber, but who, as they grow up, find that they cannot speak to each other without exciting some antagonism or antipathy,—never any sweet agreement, but always some petty difference, some jangle or jar of temperament. Between husband and wife, who could not and would not separate, there may be all degrees of inharmony, and so on both sides all degrees of heart-ache. How many people carry the marks of some inward bruise, inflicted all unawares!

> "These heavy feet still in the mire
> Go trampling blossoms without end;
> These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
> Amid the heart-strings of a friend."

Many are heavy-hearted because overweighted with sensitiveness. They feel every tone, look, or breath of criticism or disapproval, or they crave sympathy and appreciation, and wither in loneliness and neglect. The world moves on, and they seem left behind, overlooked, unconsidered, forgotten, as if they were counted only for nobodies.

Others are wretched because they are full of ungratified desires. Like caged birds, they beat their wings against the bars of hard, unyielding circumstance. Or perhaps, with strong, active impulses, they do not know how to place themselves anywhere in the busy world.

How many seem to themselves the victims of a pitiless, blind fate, which consigns them to failure and defeat, or shuts them up in conditions that affect them like a prison yard, where they are loaded with ball and chain, and condemned to toil that brings no reward! A sharp pain or an acute attack of illness may soon be over and done with, leaving one in better health than before. One can bear the suffering that promises to be short-lived; but there are chronic miseries that grow stale, that rouse no fortitude, but leave one to settle into life-long weariness and irresolution.

Some—God only knows how many!—are born under a shadow,—born with very little capacity for joy or hope. What can be more pathetic and pitiful than the look of age on the faces of little children that never smile,—children that may grow to manhood and womanhood, and yet never discover that the sunshine is God's smile, and that life is his good gift. These are the victims of hereditary wrong, of unloving marriage: they come into an evil inheritance. Ah, if only science or religion could, somehow, teach the human race to stop this onflowing stream of misery, so that no "black drop" of it might flow into the veins of any helpless babe!

What another world of heart-ache is summed up in the word "loss,"—bereavement!

> "Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?
> Who with vain longing seeketh not to borrow
> From stranger eyes the home lights that have fled?"

Who has not longed through the night-watches

> "For the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still"?

Yet keener is the pain when self-reproach mingles with our thought of the departed.

> "It takes each failing on our part,
> And burns it in upon the heart
> With caustic power and cruel art."

Our own faults are indeed the heavier part of the burden we carry about in memory. To finer natures, the wofullest heart-ache is the knowledge that we have caused another's heart to ache. But, when any experience of wrong done or of wrong endured has once made us sad, it is easier to be sad again; and one may form a habit of brooding which darkens all the day and doubly darkens all the night.

Does not this give us a hint about the cure of heart-ache? "Why art thou cast down? Hope thou in God." Turn the

thought to higher and better things: occupy the mind with good.

Bodily pain is caused by pressure upon some nerve of sensation. Withdraw the pressure, and the pain ceases. An excess of blood rushes to the spot or is arrested at the spot which has been cut or bruised; the blood presses hard upon the nerves, and perhaps produces heat, or inflammation. Relief comes from drawing away this excess of blood. Just so when the forces of thought and feeling are centred upon a sad fact,—no matter what,—the mind suffers pain or grief from this abnormal pressure. Relief comes from turning the mental forces in another direction,—forward, outward, upward,—away from the sore point. We must make room for other thoughts, feelings, interests; and, if these are worthy of us, the process of healing will begin at once. Of course, to plunge into empty frivolity and dissipation—to try to drown or bury our woes in sensual indulgence, or to seek fortitude in coarse stimulants—is to trust to a remedy which is worse than the disease. "Hope thou in God." Find relief by bringing the being into the harmonies of law, light, and love.

Hence the curative effect of all honest work, all wise use of our active faculties. Indeed, our disquiet is often caused by the uneasy stirring within us of powers not sufficiently exercised. Idle men and women, with genius or talent of any kind, are often victims of depression. Robert Leighton, a Scotch poet, speaks of his art as medicine:

> "If I am long
> Without the exercise of poesie,
> My spirit ails, my body's somewhat wrong,
> My heart beats, 'Woe is me!'"

But all his ailments leave, and body and mind come well again, when the stream of rhythmic thoughts begins to flow.

> "And so, I doubt not, his creation makes
> A healthier current in the Painter's veins,
> Or that his marble inspiration takes
> Away the Sculptor's pains.
>
> "And Music, which usurps a sweet control
> In any heart through which its marvel floats,
> Is physic to the body and the soul
> Of him that builds the notes.
>
> "The spirit craves to do its noblest thing:
> It is a poison in the blood suppress.
> And thus the Arts are medicines, that bring
> Healing and joy and rest."

Not the fine arts alone, but all the useful ones, have this curative virtue. All worthy industry, all occupation of mind or hand about our proper business, lightens care, soothes grief, heals hurts, and drives away the blue devils. "In idleness alone is perpetual despair." There is no peace for us in good-for-nothingness. If once the higher powers in us are awake, they chafe against our own sluggishness; they will not let us rest, they glare at us in our very dreams. But all such misery is mercy: it compels us to realize that we are not made in vain. Before the sunlight of honest occupation the shadows fly. We do not need to shun sadness nor to seek cheerfulness: the sadness goes of itself and the cheerfulness comes of itself, when we attend to our proper affairs. Indeed, we forget to mind our own moods, sad or glad: —

> "Not enjoyment and not sorrow
> Is our destined end or way;
> But to *act*, that each to-morrow
> Find us farther than to-day."

There is a deep *social* reason for much of this inward restlessness and urgency. All that is best in us struggles for expression because it does not belong to us alone. It belongs to others: the goods must be delivered. No gift, no talent, or faculty, is merely private property. The right use of our powers, our opportunities, and our time puts us in direct relation to our fellow-beings. Whether it be a day's work, a sermon, or a song, we owe it to somebody. Even a silent meditation in solitude may fit us for some truer service.

> "What shall I say? In my heart words are springing
> Transcending all speech, and as deep as the sea;
> All that is best in me breathes in my singing,
> Binding forever your spirits to me."

When we allow our best life to unfold and express itself in word or deed, or to go out from us as pure influence, we grow like God, whose utterance creation is. And always we find it more blessed to give than to receive. We are ourselves served best by serving others. Maggie Tulliver was helped out of dismal moods when "she learned to look at her own life as an insignificant part of a divinely guided whole." She read in Thomas à Kempis something like this: "The love of thyself doth hurt thee more

than anything else in the world." The cure of heart-ache, then, is to be found in occupations which take us away from our petty self-regardings, our self-pityings, our morbid broodings, and which connect our life with other lives and with other affairs, or merge our individual interest in the larger whole. Our private sorrows will look smaller when we accustom ourselves to care for the larger life of the world, for the good of the community, for the public welfare, for the spread of truth and righteousness among mankind. The man who keeps public spirit alive in his own bosom, or who really cares for those who are near to him, has such large and varied interests that he has neither time nor inclination to cosset and cuddle his own griefs.

The craving for sympathy is natural enough, and it ought never to be treated harshly, nor thought of as a fault; but it easily becomes ignoble and very morbid, because very selfish. "Oh, if somebody only knew how much I suffer, and would suffer with me!" But would it not be quite as well if I could myself forget it,—put it out of my own sight as much as possible? Why should I wish to lay my burdens on others, or make their hearts ache because mine does? It might be very noble in them to share the pain; but would it be noble in me to put it on them? Better that I seek to lighten the load of some other than that I be looking around for some other to carry mine. Would it be worth while to occupy anybody's time with the recital of my private trials and ailments? What if everybody should engage in exchanging this kind of goods? Would the world be enriched by such commerce?

Love is the true and sure cure of heart-ache, even if it is often the cause of it. But what is love? I think the genuine article is wise, unselfish interest in other people's welfare, interest in other lives than my own: it is to be happy in their happiness. If I have but little happiness of my own, this is one way to borrow some,—by being glad in the gladness of others. As age comes on, I can cheer my own wintry days with sunbeams gathered from the spring-time of young people and from the smiling faces of children. This will save me from the shame of casting a shadow across their life; the light in my face will be a reflection of their own.

"Hope thou in God." We are *saved* by hope,—that is, by looking forward, and not backward.

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Well, then, if those words are so sad, why say them or dwell on them? Things might have been very different, it is true; but that is not worth saying or thinking more than once. John Weiss says, "An accomplished fact takes its place in the order of nature, against which it is sacrilege to complain." A healthy mind doesn't stop to look back long at success, much less at defeat. Such a mind turns promptly from what has been to what comes next, whatever it may be. If we are foolish and sentimental enough, we can get a deal of misery even out of our past blessings. Burns for once drops into a wail,—

> "Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
> That warble from the flowery thorn;
> Ye mind me of departed joys,
> Departed never to return."

And why should the memory of departed joys turn to pain and break one's heart? Rather let us take them as pledges of more joys to come, as samples of the good things our Father has in store, even as the old Hebrews renewed heart and hope by singing, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped."

I am sure, too, that there is a fountain of heart's-ease in the brave acceptance of whatever sorrows and trials fall to our lot. When Jesus stands fronting the cross, he says to himself, as well as to his faint-hearted followers, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

When a man takes on himself a heavy burden because he knows it belongs to him to carry it, he feels a glow of satisfaction because he *can*. The strength keeps coming to him. It almost seems as if the burden gave him wings. But, if he is sulky or cowardly, or if he whimpers and pities himself, or envies other people who seem to have no loads to carry, he will have plenty of heart-ache, and back-ache, too. There are many worse things in the world than burden-bearing; and we shall miss some of the *best* things if we try to find an easy path through life by shirking our proper tasks.

Humboldt thought, "It is quite possible to suffer many and great griefs, and yet not

to feel thoroughly unhappy in consequence, but rather to find our moral and intellectual nature so purified and exalted thereby that we would not change this feeling for any other." Probably few of us can realize this in the midst of trouble. "No trial for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, afterward it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Certainly, people who never taste anything but sweets, who are always and altogether comfortable and easy-going, are not the ones who make the world's noblest history. They are apt to be indifferent and content with animal satisfaction. Nothing rouses them to heroism or spurs them to seek moral excellence for themselves or for others. Suffering, or pain, taken alone, is not a good in itself. It is a condition of discipline. It develops fortitude and soul-strength. It reveals and cures weaknesses, and it schools us to sympathy. No great thing is accomplished without *pains*-taking,—a most significant word! Indeed, the world is continually redeemed and saved from evil by the brave souls who bring suffering on themselves *because* they are full of sympathy, full of self-sacrifice, and willing to bear the woes of others. Hear Coleridge:—

"Was it meet,
When my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?"

Think of Jesus in the garden on the night of his betrayal,—the last night of his life: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." Just at that moment his enemies were jubilant, exultant. They had set a trap that was sure to catch him. They had found a traitor in his own company; for thirty pieces of silver they could buy his crucifixion! But, looking back on it all, who had the best of it? Better to drink the bitter cup with him, better to weep with him under the trees and to bleed with him on the cross, than to share the palace of the high priest and the banquet of Pilate.

We need not cultivate sadness, nor go out of our way to hunt for crosses; but we can meet our fate and face our trials as we take the changes of the weather, not trying to count the raindrops, nor minding the gusty flaws that blow across the road we must travel. Some degree of discomfort is an incident of the journey: we must count it as a part of our necessary expenses, and forget it in the same way.

In Browning's rendering of the old Greek play, when Queen Alkestes lies dead, the people gather at the palace gate, half paralyzed with gloom, but chattering mournfully, as if every little incident or aspect of the hour were of awful import. Then the hero Heracles appears on the scene, half man and half god, with his "great, interrupting voice." The private grief of King Admetus, as measured by his weeping friends, suddenly

"Shrank to a somewhat pettier obstacle
I' the way of the world: they saw good days had been,
And good days, peradventure, still might be."

"The gay cheer of that great voice"—the voice of the hero with "the irresistible, sound, wholesome heart"— flows among them like a breeze among vapors or like sunlight among shadows. His very presence lifts them above all clouds, so that they can look down and see how small a part of the infinite creation the clouds can ever cover. If any of us covet to be useful to our companions, what contribution can enrich them more than this "sweet, infectious health," this inspiration of courage and good cheer?

Perhaps, therefore, the best use I can make of this subject is to show what a poor subject it is, after all,—what small business it is to be feeling of our feelings and watching our moods, to see whether we have heart-ache or heart's-ease. "Happy, my brother?" exclaims Carlyle. "First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not? To-day becomes yesterday so fast: all to-morrows become yesterdays; and then there is no question whatever of the happiness, but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left, at least for thyself, thy very pains, once gone over into yesterday, have become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness, what indispensable sanatory virtue is in them. Thou shalt only know it after many days, when thou art wiser."

While we sit brooding over our troubles and the hardships of our lot, the great world goes tranquilly on, the infinite sky hangs over us, the everlasting order abides, and "God is where he was." Can we not forget or endure our pestering "insect miseries" for a little while in the presence of the eternal

laws and eternal powers? If we keep our souls in patience, if we hold fast to our faith and hope and love, the soft streams of healing power will flow into us and through us. We shall receive and give out the infinite good. We shall share and promote the endless circulations of benefit.

INTERPRETING THE UNKNOWN BY THE KNOWN.

It seems to me that we can hardly overestimate the importance of endeavoring always to interpret the unknown by the known, and of always believing that we understand the remote best when we understand best that which is near at hand. Of this one thing we may be quite certain: that this universe *is* a *universe*, that it is not a house divided against itself. If we could travel hence to the remotest star, when we got there we should find that it was just as impossible for two straight lines to enclose a space as it is impossible on this earth of ours. If water existed there, we should find that water always found its own level and never ran up hill seeking it. If numbers existed there, we should find that two and two as certainly made four there as it is certain they make four here. We should find that what was love here was love there, that what was hate here was hate there, that what was unfair dealing here was unfair dealing there, that what was just dealing here was just dealing there. There are not two kinds of right, nor two kinds of justice, nor two kinds of morality. What is right and just and moral anywhere is right and just and moral everywhere. If the facts we grasp are beneficent facts, we may be sure that the facts beyond our grasp are equally beneficent.

And yet this same thing—interpreting the remote by the near—is just what men generally have signally failed in doing. If in nature "distance lends enchantment to the view," in religion it has generally been permitted to lend fear and horror to the view. What men could not understand they have generally invested with dread. The savage, unable to comprehend the causes of storms and to discern their beneficent purpose in the vast economy of things, when the storm comes, trembles before it and thinks the gods are angrily scolding him. Wider knowledge so dissipates this fear that the loudest thunder can be heard without any dread at all. Extended knowledge brings to man the conviction that the universe, through all its known and unknown realms, means good to him, and not evil. The more knowledge man gets, the more is he able to see this. All experience is dead against the idea that we need stand in dread before the unknown mystery of things. Wider knowledge, as we get it, reveals to us no baleful facts. The more we know of things, the more the baleful covering in which our ignorance had draped them falls away, and the more they are seen to be radiant with hope and beautiful with love for us. At one age of his history man stands in awe before the lightning and is able to see in it nothing save malevolence. At another age man blesses the lightning as one of his gentlest, most tractable and useful servants. Things appall us because we do not comprehend them. Ignorance alone brings fear, and fear always brings torment. If we could rightly comprehend the entire meaning of one single grain of dust, we could by its means comprehend the meaning of the universe. If the budding of a single flower or the quickening into life of but one dry seed can be shown to have a beneficent purpose in reference to but one child amid all the untold millions of children who call God "Father," then, as the universe is not a house divided against itself, there is no fact, from the falling of a raindrop to the rending of a world in twain, which is not equally beneficent in *its* purpose.

To believe that, as known, things are beneficent, and the more beneficent the more they are known, that, therefore, all unknown things must be beneficent likewise; to believe that there are no facts, amid all the infinite storehouse of facts, which have for us a baleful purpose or a baleful meaning; to believe this in every moment of life and in the moment of death; to believe it of that as yet by us untrodden realm beyond death,—this is the last victory of Faith over the assailing legions of Doubt. What we know gives us no cause for fear. Why, then, should we stand trembling in cowardly fashion at the gate of the unknown region of things? This life is blessed. Why, then, fear to make entry into any and every other life? The presence of God, here and now,

is pleasant to us. What ground have we for the unworthy fear that in the other world his presence, there and then, will be unpleasant to us? His judgments, here and now, mean our good. What craven infidelity is there in the thought that there are judgments reserved for us in the arsenal of his omnipotence which will *not* mean our good?

Suppose the rude savages who imagined that the Great Spirit was angrily scolding them, when it thundered, had been able to reason with themselves in something of this fashion: "We do not know to a dead certainty what causes this commotion about us. We do not know to a dead certainty that the Great Spirit is angry with us, and is scolding us in that altogether unaccountable noise which is rumbling over our heads. Let us interpret, then, the great things we do not know by means of the little things we know. Let us judge of the Great Spirit who is afar off by help of the facts which are very close at hand. We know that the earth on which we live is good to us. It bringeth forth the bud, and the bud spreadeth itself out and becometh a flower; and although our children, at the thought that a pretty thing is lost to them, cry sometimes when the flower droops and dies, yet we know, being older and a little wiser than our children, that the flower droops and dies in order that the fruit the pretty flower-leaves sheltered may grow and ripen in the sun. We know that the dry seeds, which seem to us as dead as dust, spring forth into life, and become long grasses, which our squaws weave into garments for our bodies and into mats for our wigwams. We know it to be good that we should revere the ancient men of our tribe, for their words are weighty and they make our councils wise. We feel it to be well with us when we love our children, and when we try to guide them into all the good we have ourselves learned to love and to enjoy. All this that we know, is good: we will believe, then, that what we do *not* know, is good also. The Great Spirit made our ancient men wise. How much wiser must he himself be! The Great Spirit enables us to love our children and to desire good things for them. Surely, he will love us and desire good things for us; for we are children, too!"

If that sort of reasoning had been possible to the children of men in the early days of our human history, then the sweet inspiration, which welled up from the divinely loving heart to the golden lips of Jesus, would have been long anticipated. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him!" But, as we cannot put old heads upon young shoulders, so we cannot put the heads of religious sages upon the shoulders of primitive barbarism. Barbarism, especially religious or theological barbarism, is wonderfully tenacious of life; and I am sorely afraid that it would be quite impossible to put anything like the full meaning of the most fruitful utterances of Jesus into the minds and hearts of those who, in our day, are most disagreeably certain that they know all that is to be known about him, and that they have become his peculiar favorites therefore! Man gets to his truth by very slow methods, and many saviors have to be crucified, much martyr blood has to be shed, and much painful travail has to be endured, before that praise is perfected which the very babes and sucklings of humanity are now beginning to lisp, and, in lisping, to understand.

Through the natural we reach the spiritual. By means of the known we interpret the unknown. By studying the near we comprehend the remote. When man has trembled in the presence of an event the causes of which he could not comprehend, if he had endeavored to interpret that event by means of the beneficent things about him which were too familiar to him to be in any wise strange, religion would never then have been made a torment and a fear. The altars of religion would never then have been made altars of cruelty. About the creeds of religion the smell of bloody sacrifice would never have lingered. Belief in a stony dogma would never then have been allowed to do duty for heroism in life. Inspiration, then, would never have been deemed a thing which could come to a sudden ending when John dreamed his last dream on Patmos!

James Kay Applebee.

Boston.

"Wake thou and watch! The world is gray with morning light!"

"Truth for authority, not authority for truth."

JOHN HUSS AND JEROME OF PRAGUE: A SKETCH.

When John Huss was asked at Constance "if he had really said that he wished his soul might be in the same place as the soul of the English Wycliffe," his fearless "Yes" provoked the derisive laughter of the council. The intrepid Rector of Lutterworth had been dead thirty years. But there are periods in the world's history in which the waiting echoes take up every word that is spoken for good, and carry it off to live forever among the reverberations of the distant hills. And there are winds that catch up every little scrap of paper on which the finding of a lost truth is recorded, and bear it direct to some prepared mind, countries or ages remote. Thus the spoken protests and the written thoughts of our own Wycliffe penetrated the Bohemian forests, and wound their way into the cells of the University of Prague. In one of these cells a young scholar was sighing for undiscovered truth, and longing for some one to cut a path through the tangled forest of errors that lay around. The works of Wycliffe reached him at the right moment, struck at the root of this false growth, and, clearing a way through the thicket, showed to the young aspirant a free prospect beyond.

John Huss was born in July, 1369, at the village of Hussinetz, which lies on a hillslope above the river Flanitz, in Bohemia. Peasant-born, trained to labor, and inured to hardship, the proprietor of his native village, the feudal lord, saw in him the rudiments of greatness, and sent him to the University of their own beloved Prague. Eleven years passed, and the peasant-boy of sixteen had grown into the learned scholar of twenty-seven,—blameless in life, gentle and winning in manners, enjoying the respect and friendship of those around him. Then came his degree of Master of Arts. Two years later he was lecturing to some purpose in the University. There was an earnestness in his manner which evidenced the deep religiousness which had already taken possession of his heart.

The man who now sat upon the throne of Bohemia was Wenceslaus, the son of the Emperor Charles IV. He had begun to reign with a fair promise at fifteen years of age. But power poisoned his unsteady nature, and his character became almost intolerable to his people. And now comes into view one of those golden bands which bind all the scattered pages of history into one volume. Our own degenerate Richard II. married Anne, sister of this disreputable Wenceslaus,—an unpromising link, one would have said, either for England or for Bohemia. But Anne was of another nature from her royal brother; and before long she had won in England the pleasant name of "the Good Queen Anne." She was an ardent Wycliffite; for the English reformer's mind was still pervading society, either provoking hatred to his doctrines or infusing the love of truth in opposition to established error. With Queen Anne on the throne, England became an object of interest to Bohemia. A young Bohemian nobleman, who had completed his curriculum at Prague, set forth for Oxford. There he heard of the novelties which had made Wycliffe's name famous throughout the land. He heard how he had boldly given the Bible into the hands of an untaught people; how he had inveighed against the encroachments of the Roman hierarchy; how he had appealed from pope, priest, and council to the Scriptures; and how, when cited before a council at Lambeth by order of the outraged Gregory XI., he had so nobly vindicated the nineteen propositions which the pope had condemned that his judges were appalled by his ability and courage, and had suffered him to depart in safety, to continue to use his pulpit as a chair of what at that period was enlightened theology, and then to lie down and die in peace on his own pillow at Lutterworth. This was a thrilling story for the young nobleman to tell on his return. But he did more than charm his fellow-collegians with an exciting tale, for he had drunk deeply of the sentiments of the British reformer; and, still more, he had brought back with him a large number of Wycliffe's writings. One day he went to John Huss, and spread these writings before him. Huss closed the door and sat down to read. He lived long with these books. He lived in them; and, when he came out from his cell, it was to declaim against the infallibility of the pope, against auricular confession, and against the great "standing army" of monks whose intel-

lectual prostration was as complete as their moral corruption.

Such a true and living man could not long dwell alone; such a vivifying influence was sure to spread. A little knot of like-minded friends gathered about him; a little band of admiring and sympathizing disciples encircled him. Among them was a fiery knight of Bohemia, whose name as a scholar was widely known as Hieronymus Pragensis, whose name as a martyr is beloved by the English Church as "Jerome of Prague." He was younger by several years than John Huss, but was his superior in intellectual power, in general cultivation, in vehement energy of spirit, and in a gift of eloquence which was torrent-like when once it had broken forth and had found a rocky channel for its flow. His voice was of that rare kind which is perfectly musical in its notes, and which has the power of expanding in volume and of varying its key in perfect adaptation to its subject. His ardor was of too fiery a nature to permit him to remain long in one place. Now he was in England, eagerly reading at Oxford; then he was at Paris; we search for him again, and he is at Jerusalem; next he is wandering in Hungary; again he is reposing for a moment in Vienna; no longer at Vienna, he must be looked for in Russia; presently he is at Cologne, the queen of the Rhine cities, or at Heidelberg, that beautiful university city of the Neckar. Wherever he went, men stared at the young scholar-knight with alarm and prejudice, but, nevertheless, stopped to listen to a speech that bore everything before it. Sometimes he said strange things indeed, for at Oxford he had learned what he could never forget. He, too, had brought back with him some writings of our English Wycliffe which had not previously penetrated into the old city of Prague. He came back, exclaiming, "Until now we had nothing but the shell of knowledge: Wycliffe was the first to lay open the kernel."

The young Jerome eagerly joined the group of students who were gathered round John Huss. Huss was calm, sustained, the creature of no sudden impulse, but the strong embodiment of principle. It was not his taste to be in the front of contending parties: much rather would he have lived in the quiet exercise of the Christian graces and in deep communion with his God. But conviction was, with him, action: as he believed, so he must live; and, if he once planted his foot advisedly on a given road, that road would he follow until it ended in eternity. But when his calm eye met the gaze of his young disciple, and when he caught the sound of that disciple's protesting voice, the soul of the elder went out to meet the soul of the younger, and a bond was forged between them which was but strengthened in the after-fires of persecution. The two men, so different and yet so alike,—so different in native character, so alike in conviction, opinion, purpose, and fate,—made together one great power which wrought marvellously on their own and the after age. The man of sober principle was stimulated by the youth of generous impulse, and the youth of reckless ardor was chastened by the man of profound experience. So the beautiful compensation was complete. Thus each one supplied what the other lacked; and still they joined hands for mutual encouragement in enterprise, for mutual support in trial; and so closely were they linked together that, when we talk of the attempted Reformation of the fifteenth century, we speak in the same breath of "John Huss and Jerome of Prague."

In 1401 Huss was appointed preacher at the Bethlehem Church in Prague, and there he preached earnestly and resolutely against the abuses of the Roman Church; while in a synod at Prague, in the archbishop's presence, he declaimed with amazing freedom against the vices of the clergy. The archbishop, Zbynek, was a man who liked to keep a good charger in his stall, and, vaulting into his saddle, was ready at any moment to prick forth to battle. But he wished to have no glaring scandals in his diocese; and so he took counsel with Huss about the prevailing abuses of the day, especially about the impostures of false miracles, which then abounded. There was then a pretended miracle going on in the ruins of the church of Wilsnach, where pilgrims came trooping from far Denmark, from the pine forests of Norway, from Sweden, Hungary, and Poland, and where thousands were in the habit of going to be cured by what they were told was Christ's real blood. Glaring scandals ripened around the spot. A grave committee of

three masters, of whom Huss was one, went forth to take evidence on the spot; and they brought back such formidable stories of lying pilgrims and spurious miracles that the young archbishop arose in great wrath, banished all pilgrims, and forbade all pilgrimages in his diocese for the future. Then, feeling his tongue loosed by his ecclesiastical superior, Huss lifted up his voice, and from the pulpit, and by means of a powerful pamphlet also, denounced the blind miracle-hunting and the fraudulent miracle-working of the age. Students and citizens, nobility and the court itself, crowded to hear this favorite of the people. His name resounded throughout the German Empire. The eyes both of friends and foes were turned toward Bohemia.

So long as the opposition of Huss was considered only as the result of transient excitement, it was, or appeared to be, unnoticed. But when, to use the words of Erasmus, he afterward, by the reduction of mass and penance money, and of pious gifts in general, touched the sensitive feelings of the monks, abuse ran high against the enthusiast, the disturber of the peace, the "mover of sedition," the heretic and "pestilent fellow." The priests attached to Rome assailed the royal palace with petitions. At this time King Wenceslaus, by the advice of his physicians, was taking less wine and living more than usually in accordance with the wishes of his wife, an enlightened Bavarian princess, named Sophia. He despatched the petitioners with these words: "You shall leave my goose in peace who lays me golden eggs."* In the mean time the doctrines of Huss had already overpassed the boundaries of the country, and had widely spread, especially in Hungary, where the eloquent and zealous Jerome boldly preached before king and people, and where, as in Poland, a prejudice in favor of the Greek Church had already produced a species of reform.

In Prague the contest with Rome was not only carried on by words, but was represented by symbols. There was then a remarkable amount of intercourse between these two seats of learning,—Oxford in England and Prague in Bohemia; and a story has survived illustrative of the kind of influence which reached the Bohemian capital from our country. Two young men, James and Conrad Canterbury, undergraduates of Oxford, arrived at Prague, and fearlessly began to attack the pope's supremacy. Being speedily silenced by the rector, they turned their ingenuity in another direction. They were good hands at painting, and on the ball-room of their landlord they placed a most significant representation. On one side was represented the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, "meek and sitting upon an ass," before him the common people and children with olive branches, behind him his apostles, barefoot and in linen garments; on the other side, the pope, riding a charger decked with gold, silver, and precious stones, preceded by trumpeters and kettle-drummers, life-guardsmen and soldiers, and followed by cardinals, also well mounted and richly dressed. Thousands of people daily crowded the hall, and exulted in the witty device. Great commotion was caused in Prague by this striking picture, and the Englishmen had to retire.

But the time was now drawing on when the great antithesis was to be worked out by sterner weapons than the pencils of the young English students. The archbishop thought it time to appear on the stage himself. He had but a small hold on the students of the university, where the reputation of Huss was so high that young men flocked from all parts of Germany to listen to his teachings as Professor of Theology. It is declared that at one time there were no fewer than forty thousand students residing in Prague. They had scant reverence for the archbishop. They called him the "Alphabetarius," or "the A B C doctor." He could hold a bridle more skilfully than a pen, and could judge a horse better than a thesis. He summoned Huss, and commanded him not to further insult the dignity of the pope, and, above all things, to abstain from the heresy of Wycliffe. Huss modestly replied that he "taught only the doctrines of Christ." Zbynek dismissed him, half-mildly, half-angrily, but himself inwardly determined to put an end to the affair by a single blow. The following day, in the palace of the archbishop, barricaded and surrounded by soldiers, the collected works of Wycliffe, most of the writings of Huss and Jerome, as well as those of

*The name "Huss" in the Bohemian dialect means a goose.

their predecessors, Milicz and Janow, altogether more than two hundred carefully written and splendidly bound volumes, were piled together and burned. A cry of indignation ran throughout Bohemia. Public opinion and taste were at once outraged. Even the priests, but the nobility especially, protested against this Vandal-like destruction. The queen wept, and Wenceslaus cursed aloud.

John Huss was not the man to be silenced by the vivid eloquence of these tongues of flame, though they uttered very warning denunciations. The following Sunday he ascended the pulpit, and commented on the conduct of his adversaries. "Fire," he cried, "does not consume truth. It is always a mark of a little mind to vent anger on inanimate and uninjurious objects: the books which are burned are a loss to the whole nation." He set to work afresh, translated many of the condemned writings into the language of the Slavonian race,—one of his translations is now in the library at Stockholm, carried thither by the Swedes at the close of the Thirty Years' War. At the same time he issued the first translation of the whole Bible among the people. Aided by Jerome, he wrote for them hymns which turned into melody the thoughts and feelings of their deepest life. Then the archbishop, hot from his great fire, interdicted him from preaching, in Bohemian, in the Bethlehem chapel; but he preached on to vast crowds. He was now Rector of the University of Prague, and from that exalted station he thundered against the sale of indulgences, the fire of purgatory, prayers for the dead, the worship of images, invocation of saints, auricular confession, communion in one kind, and transubstantiation.

This boldness raised the anger of the pope, John XXIII., who issued a bull summoning Huss to Bologna, where that pontiff was then holding his disreputable court. As this would be merely to walk into his grave, Huss disregarded the summons, declaring that the pope, who in ecclesiastical power was not above other priests, had no right to summon any one before him, and that he himself, John Huss, maintained the confession of Doctor Wycliffe. The king, the queen, the university, all interceded with the pope, but to no purpose. Sentence of excommunication was then pronounced against Huss as a determined heretic. It was put forth with the most terrible formulas. If Master John Huss persisted twenty days longer in his disobedience to "the Holy Father" (the monster) John XXIII., the ban was to be proclaimed in all churches with ringing of bells and extinguishing of tapers. Every place that housed him, every man that bore him company, should lie under the same curse. Master John's person must be seized, condemned, and burned according to law; and Bethlehem chapel must be destroyed to its foundations, that no more heretics might nestle there. So ran the sentence of excommunication. When Huss heard the thunder, he said, "I appeal from the Roman court to the most just Judge and High Priest over all."

The pontiff was inflexible, and, as Huss stood firm, the city of Prague was placed under the terrible papal interdict. It was deserted by the clergy, the churches were closed, the dead were left unburied. The merchants grumbled on the quiet quays, the landlords sighed over their empty chambers, and Prague was on the point of starving. "It is Master Huss that hath brought the mischief," murmured one. "It is that fire-breathing Jerome," said another. "It all comes of religious schism," gloomily remarked a third. Strife between the adherents of the old and of the new doctrines was unavoidable. Serious preparations for contest were made on both sides. The reformer's party was not by any means the least in either physical or moral strength. But the natural mildness and the patriotism of Huss made him abhor bloodshed and civil war. He acted, therefore, as noble confessors had done before him: he went into voluntary exile, that the strife of arms might be averted, and that Prague might be relieved from the fearful curse of the interdict. But, like Luther in the Wartburg, it was labor, and not repose, that he sought; and his remarkable work, "De Ecclesia," was the fruit of his visit to the fortress of the lords of Anstie. From time to time he moved about, shifting his quarters; but he was perpetually coming forth from his places of refuge to preach in the open air to vast multitudes of people who came to hear him. It is remarkable that as yet he remained personally uninjured. One cause of this fact, independently of the anxiety with which his

friends watched over his life, is thus explained by one of his enemies: "His manners are reserved and austere, his life and conduct a course of self-denial, and so far removed from vice that in this respect no one can find aught against him. His haggard and faded countenance, his tall, emaciated figure, his ready disposition to sympathize with and assist all men, even the meanest, attract adherents more even than his eloquence. The stupid people hold him as a saint, and as such they are persuaded that he can neither deceive nor be deceived."

Events were now happening of the most momentous kind, and these were tending to raise the Protestant movement from its narrow confines till all Europe should feel its power and do homage to its champions.

Christendom was scandalized and bewildered by three rival popes. The Italians had Balthazar Cossa, who, as John XXIII., set up his chair at Bologna; the French had Angelo Corario, reigning at Rimini as Gregory XII.; and the Spaniards had Peter de Lune, who, as Benedict XIII., reigned at Aragon. All these were infamous characters. Each declared on oath that he was Saint Peter's legitimate successor. All cursed one another, as only "vicars of Christ" can curse. The puzzled laity went about begging, for pity's sake, to be told which of the three heads that seemed to have the nimbus around their brows was in truth Christ's vicar. John said that Benedict and Gregory were devils, and Benedict and Gregory gave a similarly affectionate certificate of character to John. As a wag of the time observed, the chair of Saint Peter was well-nigh broken by three popes all sitting down upon it at one time. Europe was in a state of civil war, and indulgences were freely sold to secure gold to carry on the contentions of these rival popes.

These frightful abuses aroused Huss to fearlessly attack the authority of the Church, and thus strike at the root of all the grievances. He thereupon published a tract against what he was convinced were six errors of Rome: the mass, in which the priest professes to create his Creator; the doctrine of absolute belief in the pope as the representative of God; the priestly pretension to remit sin; the absolute obedience demanded to all that the Church decrees; invalid excommunication; priestly simony.

Huss grew daily more bold; and his defiance was intensified when John XXIII. issued an infamous bull against the King of Bohemia because the latter would not support John's claims to the Popedom. In this bull was promised a free passport to Paradise to any one who would kill the king. Huss and Jerome strenuously opposed the scandalous measure.

What was to be done? Such crying scandals, such intolerable abuses of spiritual power, had been perpetrated in the very light of day that the stifled murmur on the lips of princes and people had at length broken out into a loud cry for reform.

The story of what came of it all—the calling of the famous Council of Constance, and its treatment of Huss and Jerome—will be told in another and concluding paper.

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HOW A MINISTER WAS HELPED TO WRITE HIS SERMON.

This is the way it happened. It was Thursday morning. The working hours of one day had been spent in the anxious effort to decide on a subject for the next Sunday's sermon. The choice was still, to all appearances, as far as ever from being made. The anxiety about it had become a painful solicitude, with a sense of fear and distress ready at any moment to turn into despair. For not the least part of the work of making a sermon is choosing the subject. Not that there are few things that need be said, nor few subjects appropriate to the pulpit,—not this constitutes the difficulty. But a preacher is not an arrangement of millstones and hopper into which current event and moral principles and truth generally calculated to elevate and inspire may be thrown, and leave him only to draw the slide and take out the weekly grist.

That indefinable something called the "personal equation" is more potent and more imperious in the preacher's work than in any other. There must be a sympathy established and maintained between the pulpit and the pews,—a subtle, acute, vital sympathy,—or the pulpit utterances become irrelevant, and the preacher's work becomes an affected, soulless, perfunctory business, for so much a year and certain perquisites. Now, it is this

very sympathy which makes the choice of a subject such a difficult task. The topic that is uppermost in the minds of others may be farthest from his mind, or what is most engaging his may just then be farthest from theirs. They would not violate the compact of mutual accord, and he must not.

Besides all this, the position of the preacher has changed very much in the last one or two generations. In the good old times of blessed tradition, if not of memory, the preacher was supposed to possess most of the piety and all of the learning of the parish. He was regarded as a superior being, living in the world as a condescension to ordinary mortals. It would have created little surprise if a chariot of fire had come for him almost any day, and carried him to heaven as it did Elijah. Whatever he said was not on his own authority, but as the accredited agent of the skies. Neither himself nor the people would have dared to contradict or question the message which he had no responsibility for nor in, except to deliver. Such a strange condition of affairs grew out of the belief in a distant God, who must needs have his agents and representatives to declare his will and utter warnings, and administer what few spiritual affairs there were in a very secular and unregenerate world. All this has changed in these later years. The pulpit has no monopoly of the learning nor of the piety. The agencies that have promoted general intelligence have toned down this presumption of the pulpit.

But, as I began to say, it was Thursday morning. The subject for the sermon was yet unknown, and the fruitless search and eager, feverish thinking had become a dull and hopeless despair. The sermon should be well under way by this time. The inevitable Sunday morning would come, and the fatal eleven o'clock. The choir would sing two pieces, and after that the congregation would sing two hymns, and then the hymn-books would be rattled back into the book-racks, and then the people would sit down, and — and then— At the thought of it all the despair became an agony. That is one of the many, many times when a preacher thinks that he has made a mistake in his calling; he never ought to have been a preacher, anyway; has always suspected it, and now he knows it; and he fondly recalls the time when he used to work by the month, and had no responsibility but to do his work as well as he could, and draw his wages when they were due. And he thinks, too, of the many members of his congregation who have just such positions now, and how happy they must be, and how he would like to change places with them. And sometimes he wishes he could just take them all right into his confidence, and tell them how weak and impotent he feels, and how incapable to instruct and inspire and strengthen and comfort them, and how poor his work seems to him after he has done his very best. But he knows that he cannot tell them all this. So he goes on with his task week after week, and hides the pain of self-distrust, and keeps striving, though he never attains his ideal. And he would give up with a broken heart, but he meets now and then a word of commendation or a look or nod of approval which makes him feel as the mown grass must feel when the sweet summer rain comes out of heaven to give it fresh courage and renew its drooping heart.

But—as I began to say at least twice before—it was Thursday morning, and the sermon not begun, and things were getting desperate, when some one—it does not matter who—came into the study, and placed on the desk, where the sermon would not begin, a small wine-glass full of pansies. They were just common pansies, if pansies may ever be called "just common." Some of them were creamy white with blue centres; some of them were blue with dashes of white; one of them was a solid purple, so deep-hued that you couldn't be sure it wasn't jet-black; and all of them had yellow hearts such as pansies always have.

There was the least bit of fragrance about them,—for the flowers that have the most delicate breath are the most reluctant to breathe for you,—but just enough to seem like a sweet memory of which you are not quite sure, and to recall some summer morning, when, half-waking, you have heard birds singing far away, and in that delicious moment couldn't tell and didn't care whether it really was the morning and the birds, or whether you were dreaming and it was the echo of some song the angels were singing to the stars.

And now a very strange thing began,—something so strange that it is most difficult to tell and maybe is too difficult to believe,

but which is all true just the same, whether it is believed or not. Those flowers began to have somehow an indefinable attraction, which soon became a subtle and resistless fascination. They did not change their appearance as flowers, nor even move; and yet they seemed more and different than flowers. One might have said they were suddenly possessed of a soul or a spirit if one only knew what a soul or a spirit is.

But, anyway, it was very strange, as the sequel will show; and, what it was or how it was, the flowers kept that secret to themselves. They seemed to take possession of the entire room. They did this in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and yet with an air of assurance and undisguised confidence, as though it were the most natural thing possible and everybody was expected to understand it and govern himself accordingly. It is hardly necessary to say that the struggle for a sermon became utterly hopeless. From that moment it was simply doomed. The last hope died right there.

This gave the man a feeling of abject despair, but it seemed to gratify the flowers. Could it be, then, that they came bent on malevolence, and was it in their hearts to rejoice in human misery? And all these years we have thought them the symbols of guileless innocence and holy joy, and have strewn them before the feet of brides and put them on the coffins of our dead! At last we have found them out. They belong to the darkness out of which they come and into which they return. They are too malevolent. Let us hate flowers. Then the Pansies looked grieved, and said, "You judge us without knowing all," and in their voice as they spoke there was a reproachful, tremulous cadence, which made you feel that you were the meanest man in the world, and wanted to go out and ask everybody and everything to forgive you, and swear to them all that you would never, never again think ill of anything or anybody in all the world. "We wanted," the flowers kept on saying in the same soft, beseeching tones,—"we wanted you to give up the search for that other subject. It was so intended. We, too, were sad when you were distressed; but we were gladder than we were sad, because we understand the law that suffering leadeth ever the just soul into joy and peace."

"That sounds very well," the man replied, "and may be true enough as a general proposition, but it isn't pertinent to the case in hand. Here it is Thursday, and Sunday will soon come, and I must have a sermon; and you know perfectly well that I can't get out one of those old ones and make it do duty again. It would bore those who remembered it, and would be imposing on the confidence of those who did not; and, besides"—

"We had thought," interrupted the flowers, without waiting for the man to finish his impatient speech,—"we had thought you would divine our meaning before this and understand why we came. We are your subject. We want you to preach about us."

"About you, indeed!" retorted the man. "About flowers! Services at eleven o'clock. The subject of the reverend doctor's sermon will be 'Pansies.' How would that read in the Saturday papers? They would call us the leaders of Pansy Christianity."

"They who call names," quietly replied the flowers, "pass soon out of sight, and are remembered without pleasure and forgotten without pain."

"Besides," continued the man, "flowers are not a suitable theme for the pulpit. Life is not a thing with most people that has an analogy in flowers. It is struggle, and trial, and temptation, and disappointment, and pain. People will be there who are in distress, who are harassed by doubts and fears, whose hearts are sore with unspoken griefs. Some will be there who are weak and exhausted with long and heroic resistance of evil, whose strength is almost gone. These must find help and courage, or they will be beaten in the fight. Some will be there who are sick at heart of the endless weary monotony of life, and who see no meaning in it all, and are fast growing bitter and rebellious. And others will be there who are becoming indifferent and selfish and callous, and living lives without sympathy or helpfulness for the world. All these ought to find in the Sunday service comfort and hope and strength and spiritual quickening. What can a man say that will be of value to them if he talks about just flowers?

"Some of them would get up and leave the church, and others would wish they had gone where they could hear real preaching,

with gestures and loud voice, and themes like the 'Covenant with Abraham,' and the 'Fall of Sodom and Gomorrah,' and 'The Apostolic Succession,' and things like that."

"In that last sentence," answered the flowers, "you unwittingly confess a fault from which few preachers are exempt,—the desire to attract numbers. The ambition that feeds on the flattery of large congregations defeats itself. What business of yours is it whether many or few say yea or nay? How have you trampled in the dust your most holy calling, when you make it a means for the gratification of personal pride and selfish ambition! You coquet in public with truth, and make secret marriages with pride. Truth wanders up and down, seeking those who will espouse her and forsake all others to cleave only unto her. Him she would make mighty as an army with banners. She would pack the metropolitan church or people the wilderness to hear him.

"Your selection of subjects would be far less difficult if you thought more about what truth would have you speak and less about what the people would be pleased to hear. You vainly imagine that you must parade your wisdom and make a show of knowledge. You assume an authority which you do not possess, and affect an unction to disguise your hypocrisy. You labor with themes that sound learned, and with a display of words seek to conceal your insincerity. The people come to you in vain for help. Hungry souls ask for bread. You give them a stone. The life the people live is made up of common things. You 'invite their attention' to the uncommon. The people live in the present. You delight in the dead and distant past.

"There was one preacher whom all the flowers know about and love to honor. He preached as never man preached before, alas! nor since. And he did not talk about Abrahamic covenants and modes of baptism and creeds and such things, but just about the common things that people knew and could understand.

"He did not spend days seeking for a subject with which to astonish the people or win their applause. He just went right on and made his sermons about the fig-trees, and the vineyards, and the wheat, and the sparrows, and us flowers, too. And, when he went down to the lake where the men were fishing, he talked to them about their boats and their nets and their last night's catch. And everybody loved to hear him except the preachers; and they hired men to kill him, so they could keep their own congregations. All the flowers know about that preacher, and love him, too."

"Yes," replied the man, "I have read about that preacher, but still I don't see how a sermon can be made out of flowers. What will be my 'firstly, brethren,' and my secondly and thirdly and finally, and 'a word now in conclusion'?"

"That way of announcing the divisions of a sermon," said the flowers, "is an antique habit which you preachers would let fall into disuse if you were less conventional and more sincere. A sermon should be like a song or a poem, each part natural and necessary to all the rest, and the whole production complete in itself. The process by which it was made does not need to appear, but only the result of the process. It is not necessary to unjoint it in public and click it together again, in order to show that its anatomy is of the approved kind and in good working order."

"Suppose," the man replied, "you get over in this chair, and take the pen and write the sermon yourself."

"That," the flowers answered sadly,—"that you doubtless intended to be very funny; but it is strangely lacking in dignity and remarkably silly."

"What shall I say, then?" asked the man, impatiently.

"Nothing," replied the flowers: "there is nothing you can say while in that petulant mood. Impatience drives truth away, and anger bars the door against her return.

"Peace and holy calm are in the soul where truth dwells. He who would teach men aright must first master his own spirit. How shall the lips speak when the soul stammers?

"How shall the tongue serve righteousness and truth when the heart is in open rebellion against their holy laws? How shall"—

"Oh, spare me, dread angel of reproof," bitterly cried the man. "Make even of me, weak, imperfect me, the voice to utter thy message, the servant to do thy will. See my heart: I lay it naked at thy dear feet. Look on its selfish pride, its unholy ambition, its love of applause, its fear of censure and

rebuke. See it stained with treason to thee and thine; see its years of too weak striving against the evil, too fickle devotion to the good.

"Look on it as he whom all the flowers love looked on the guilty heart in that long ago, and, as he forgave, forgive."

The flowers did not answer. They were silent with that hush that is too tender and holy for speech.

It was as if everywhere there was music, yet without singers or songs. It was as one sometimes imagines heaven, where every desire fulfils itself, and the pearly tears of gladness jewel the dimpled smiles of joy. When the man stopped sobbing, the flowers began to speak; but it was now about the sermon. "Tell them," they said, "that the great life they call God is nearer than they think, nearer than they can know. That nothing just happens as they say. Tell them that I came to you by a human hand, prompted by a human heart, but back of that human heart and prompting it was the heart divine. Tell them that every hand that gives a flower is moved by a heart that God moves. Tell them we could not grow but for God, and that, lying in the earth, we are lying in his bosom, and, when we are come to the blossom, we are holden in his hand.

"Tell them we grew and were beautiful when the snow and ice were on the ground and frost was in the air. And some one whose life has been drear and wintry will take fresh heart when he sees that God is God of the winter, too.

"Tell them how many of us grow and wither, uncared for and unseen by mortals, but that we even thus fulfil the divine will. And some one, whose life the great world seems to spurn, will know that in seclusion and loneliness one may still serve God. Tell them that fresh and beautiful we came to you, but are faded now, and will soon be thrown away and forgotten, but God remembers, and that, fresh or faded, we are his.

"And, oh! tell them," they pleadingly said, "that all things that live long to speak to them of the great One who is everywhere; but our speech is silence, and they do not understand. He knew who lived long ago, but there are none like him now." Then the flowers were silent. They had drooped, and were hanging down over the edge of the glass; for it was now late into Saturday night. The man was very sad when he saw how fast they were fading; and, when the flowers saw that he was grieved, they said: "It seems strange to us that you should be sad at what nature has ordained. You wrongly call it death. It is the law of life.

"Nature is wise. These forms we wore were but masks. We put them on, and they are beautiful. But we must put them off and let them fade, lest you confound the spirit with the mask it wears. There is no death. What you fear and dread and think is death is the eternal wooing of life with life. Where your tears fall and the shadows seem so deep, there begins the radiant way o'er which the soul, on winged feet, mounts to life supernal. It gave to the earthly form its beauty for an hour, a day. That beauty to the form celestial it gives forever."

When the flowers stopped speaking, the tears were running down the man's cheeks; but they were those tears which one can't quite tell whether they are more of grief or joy, like the April shower when snowflakes and raindrops come out of the same cloud, and the sun shines out to tell the wondering earth that it is not the winter, but the spring.

Then the man said to them: "O, sweet flowers! I will tell the people as well as I can all the things which you have told me, and they won't think it a sermon at all. But, if I could only tell them all you have been to me, and thrill their hearts as you have thrilled mine, they would want me to preach that way all the time."

JOHN E. ROBERTS.

Kansas City, Mo.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

He standeth by the sheep-fold,
  His hand upon the door.
And now he swingeth it full wide,
  And, leading on before,
He calleth in a tender voice,
  "My sheep, come, follow me;
And none shall pluck you from my hand
  Through all eternity."

The way lies part in meadows fair,
  By cool and sparkling streams,
Where sunlight filters through the air
  And lies in golden gleams
On hill and wood and valley,
  To clothe them with delight.
The pilgrims gladly linger here,
  Their hearts are brave and light.

But now the prospect changes:
The way is rough and drear;
Rocks tower aloft, deep caverns yawn,
And pilgrims shrink in fear.
The sunny day has closed in gloom,
And, dark against the sky,
Great banks of angry, threatening clouds
In frowning masses lie.

Within the dreary desert
The wolf has made his lair:
He howls, and see, the timid sheep
Are scattering everywhere.
But He's no hireling Shepherd
Who charge of them doth keep:
He bravely meets the savage foe,
And saves the frightened sheep.

And when the night has settled,
He like a sentry stands,
Or paces 'midst the sleeping flock,
His crook within his hands.
And so he ever watcheth,
By night as well as day,
And noteth every single sheep,
That none shall stray away.

Was never such a Shepherd,
So strong, so wise, so sweet!
For every pain and sorrow
His own true heart doth beat.
When accident befalleth
The weakest in the throng,
He taketh it within his arms,
And beareth it along.

And so, through all the country,
Where lies the pilgrims' way,
The Shepherd Good He leadeth on,
And guardeth them alway,
Till at a shining portal
Their footsteps cease to roam;
And Jesus lifts the golden bars,
And folds his flock at home.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Athol, Mass.

UNIVERSALISM: ITS HISTORY IN AMERICA.

We find traces of Universalism in America early in the seventeenth century. Early in the next century it was brought here by the German Baptists, or Dunkers, and a little later by the Moravians. In the last half of the eighteenth century it was advocated by a few Episcopalian and Congregational ministers,—by George DeBenneville and others, who, unknown to each other, were the first-fruits of that spirit of freer inquiry and larger hope which was to bear fruit in a theological reformation whose momentum has not exhausted itself in building the Universalist church and the broadening of the old theologies. In 1770 John Murray, often called the father of American Universalism, who had preached in England as a follower of Whitefield, landed at Good Luck, N.J. He there preached in a meeting-house built by Thomas Potter, an unlettered man, who had come to hold Universalist ideas from his own reasonings upon the character of God and the mission of Christ, and had built the church in the faith that such a gospel would some day be proclaimed within its walls. It was far from being an orthodox or even a religious age. The great revivals of 1740 had been followed by a reaction, which filled many friends of religion with alarm. The French and English Deism of the eighteenth century had influenced some of the leading spirits of the land. There was a spirit of the bitterest animosity between the opposing sects into which the professed friends of religion were divided. Many churches seemed to be upon the verge of extinction. The memoirs, sermons, diaries, and letters of that time are full of evidence as to the low state of morals and religion. Profanity was a general vice, and in most classes habitual. Intemperance, licentiousness, and the desecration of Sunday seem to have been fearfully prevalent. Calvinism, as a preservative of faith and morals, had seemingly failed; and the "free thinking" of that time seemed to promise no better condition of affairs.

For a few years Murray worked alone; but other teachers soon took up the work, men unknown to and acting independently of each other, and receiving their Universalism from a variety of sources. The revolt against Calvinism, the longing for a better hope, were in the air. Elhanan Winchester, pastor of a Baptist church in Philadelphia, embraced Universalism in 1780, and carried most of his congregation with him. He was the most scholarly of the early leaders of American Universalism. In 1794 Hosea Ballou began to devote his whole time to preaching Universalism as he had conceived it. He was, in the words of an unfriendly critic of his faith, "a born theologian and an intellectual giant." He had a genius for the kind of preaching demanded by the new faith and the average belief and culture of that age; and he was worth to the new movement a host of ordinary re-enforcements. At this time there were from ten

to fifteen preachers, many of them itinerating over a large territory. In 1810 the number had increased to forty. In 1820, when "the movement" had been going on half a century, there were about eighty preachers, several strong parishes, a General Convention, and several State Conventions and Associations. It had been a half-century of weary work, demanding much heroism and entailing many hardships. The new faith was beset by foes upon all sides. It was called upon to meet every argument that learning, ingenuity, or enthusiasm could bring against it, and to encounter every species of calumny, misrepresentation, and dulness. In several instances, it encountered persecution, acting under forms of law, and was sometimes subjected to the terror of mobs.

As the movement was entering upon the second half-century of its existence, American revivalism was at the height of its power as a religious influence. The spirit of Edwards's sermon—"Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"—was the prevailing spirit of the revival preaching. It was an age of sharp controversy, of strong prejudice, of earnest conviction, when men could scarcely avoid taking sides in regard to the questions everywhere debated. While the churches calling themselves evangelical made large accessions, those who were repelled by their harsh doctrines naturally gave their sympathies to the church which was then compelled, by the logic of events, to a constant controversy with those doctrines in behalf of a larger faith. From this time onward, for a generation, the debate was unceasing. In ten years more the Universalists had doubled their ministerial force; and in twenty years more, in 1850, they had again doubled their forces. Since that time the numerical growth has not been apparently so large, but in all the elements of denominational welfare the Universalist church has doubled its strength. It has in the last forty years done a work without which it could not have held its own, much less prepared itself for future growth. A large proportion of its parishes have passed out of the experimental stage. The number of its Sunday-schools have doubled. While forty years ago it had only three weak academies, it now has four colleges, three divinity schools, and five academies, and has invested in its schools the sum of three million dollars. It has not only increased in wealth, but has so learned the art of giving that it is easier to raise $100,000 now for a denominational purpose than it was to raise $10,000 forty years ago. It is also organizing and giving for philanthropic work, and is already carrying on several charitable enterprises. It has made great progress, in recent years, in missionary zeal and activity; and the recent raising of more than sixty thousand dollars for foreign missions, and the gathering of the young people into societies for religious and missionary endeavor, are great gains over the past, and full of promise for the future. During the last thirty years Universalism has developed into a compactly organized body. From the simple congregationalism of the early churches there has been evolved, as a result of the church's experience and needs, a more compact and efficient organization, which may be described as an ecclesiastical republic; and the better organization has not hindered liberty or narrowed fellowship.

Faith in universal salvation is held by many in America outside of the Universalist church. It is held, with few exceptions, by the four hundred Unitarian churches; by many of the Dunkards, or German Baptists, who prefer to use the phrase "universal restoration"; by a large proportion of the Hicksite, or Unitarian, Friends; very largely in the Episcopalian Church; by many individual members of other churches; and by nearly all denominations upon funeral occasions.

American Universalism has greatly changed in its doctrines since its first promulgation. The doctrines of the Trinity and Vicarious Atonement were held by Murray and his early coworkers. Universalism then differed little from Orthodoxy, except in affirming universal redemption. But Hosea Ballou (anticipating by nearly twenty years the Unitarian movement) became a Unitarian in his ideas of the unity of God, renounced the idea of vicarious atonement, and soon revolutionized the theology of the whole church. The early Universalists were emphatic in teaching future punishment, or, as some prefer to call it, future discipline; and the doctrine of no future punishment met with little favor during the first half-century of the move-

ment. But about the beginning of the second half-century Hosea Ballou accepted the idea that "the Scriptures begin and end the history of sin in flesh and blood"; and, as he did not give due weight to the revelation in reason and experience, he became an advocate of that doctrine of immediate salvation at death which has been well named the "death-and-glory" theory. The doctrine made rapid progress, and became for a time the prevailing theory. But, in judging this period, it should be remembered that in the prevailing ideas of that time punishment was regarded as something more than the inevitable and natural consequence of transgression; and the prevalence for a time of the "death-and-glory" theory is to be explained largely as a reaction from the notions of arbitrary punishment which then prevailed. Some who claimed to disbelieve in future punishment would not declare that our present conduct has no effect upon our future state. But in the hour of its triumph this idea met with vigorous protests from many Universalists. The controversy was long and bitter; and, as one result, there was in 1831 a secession of several preachers in New England, who formed an association of "Universal Restorationists," which maintained its existence for ten years, when, the advocacy of restorationist views in Unitarian pulpits and the manifest change in both opinion and spirit among the mass of the Universalists indicating its mission fulfilled, it disbanded. From that time the "death-and glory" theory found fewer and fewer advocates, and the future-consequence idea of retribution more and more prevailed, until now the great body of Universalists hold such a theory of future punishment, or discipline, as one must hold who believes in spiritual laws, who looks upon time as but a section of eternity, and believes that the laws of the spirit's life are the same in all worlds.

Among the pioneers of the movement, Calvinism, Arminianism, Mysticism, and Christian Rationalism, all found strong support and earnest opposition; but out of this diversity there has been developed an essential unity, so that now few bodies of believers are in such substantial accord upon all the leading questions of religious belief. Trinitarian Universalism has been displaced by Unitarian Universalism. Belief in vicarious atonement has given way to the moral-influence idea of Christ's work. Calvinistic and Arminian Universalism have given way to that eclecticism which accepts the truth in each, teaching human freedom within the limits of divine sovereignty. The old ideas of reward and punishment have been supplanted by the doctrine that we reap as we have sown in all the realms of human action. The idea of revelation has been broadened by recognizing the human element in the Bible, the divine element in all of nature and human experience, and by a firmer grasp of what is logically involved in the doctrine of the Divine Immanence. The definition of the supernatural has broadened, and faith in Christ has become less theological and more personal and practical.

Charles L. Waite.

Brunswick, Me.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

The fact which strikes us first and forcibly regarding Dr. Hedge is the comparatively small quantity of his more extended writings. His books can be numbered by one figure. Like the poet Bryant, his works are less profuse than those of most of equal fame. Apparently, his thought was placed in print only when most thoroughly digested and fundamentally constructed. His style was clear, coherent, consecutive, concise. He wrote neither in nuggets, like Emerson, nor verbosely and with expatiation. His style, as has been well said, was architectural; and we may add that its general quality was massiveness, yet it possessed those touches of beauty which add to rather than detract from the grandeur of a thought. In the writing of poetry, he was easily surpassed by his inferiors in intellect and in heart; as a poet, as one to whose prose the poetical and its subtle touch gave life and symmetry, he stood a peer to any. To coherency, clearness, and conciseness of expression he added another characteristic, equally, if not more, marked,—comprehensiveness of vision and of thought. He left no phase of the subject untreated, he sought to evade no puzzle, to pass lightly over no mystery. Some of his books are thus in themselves small libraries. The felicity of his style of treatment is nowhere more man-

ifest than in that branch where he was easily a master, namely, German biography and literature. We read in this line the works of others, we are sometimes wearied with the monotony of treatment, we fail to enter with sympathy into the life of the men and of the literature; but, as we walk with Dr. Hedge through these gardens of genius, we wonder that we were never attracted thither before, the personalities impress themselves upon us, their thoughts become real, their experiences seem full of interest and helpfulness. What work could be more interesting and instructive than his "Hours with German Classics"! More logical than Channing, more thorough than Parker, scarcely less poetical than Martineau, he combined in a singular degree strength and grace. He was one of the leaders of Unitarian thought; he stood in the first rank of American authors.

And in his connection with German thought we pass naturally into consideration of him not merely as a writer, but as a philosopher. Here one prominent quality, to my mind, differentiates him from the great majority of philosophical writers of equal or approximate ability, namely, appreciation of opposing theories. The arguments for pantheism, pessimism, Calvinism and other doctrines he clearly perceived; and not only did he possess the intellectual conception of, but he felt, as it were, the case of his opponent. He could sympathize with that cast of mind, that aspect of facts, which seemed to compel the belief of others. For this reason one always feels, as he travels with him along some logical pathway toward a definite conclusion, that no objections are ignored or difficulties waived, and that no feeling or prejudice determines his thought, but rather that the goal will be reached through reason, the result of the best thought of a deep and unbiassed mind. In his "Atheism in Philosophy," a work which naturally deals largely with German thinkers, this quality is, perhaps, most marked.

If we accept the division of Unitarian thought of the past half-century into the two schools, the transcendental and historical, Dr. Hedge belongs, doubtless, as usually classed, to the former; yet he was imbued, it seems to me, with the meritorious spirit of the latter. If in his "Ways of the Spirit" there be not the true historic sentiment, then I fail to know what that sentiment is.

Radical though he was in the sense that no one more than he descended to the root of things, and in the sense also that he rejected *in toto* the spirit and the letter of the old theology, he was not radical if by the term be meant in alignment with many recent thinkers on the nature and origin of human faculties. He was no evolutionist, as is commonly understood by the term, though, if I remember correctly a long and interesting conversation which I held with him, he accepted evolution, in part at least, as a method, and in relation to the physical universe. He believed in the directly divine origin of the moral and religious faculties of man, in the immediate inspiration of the Almighty Spirit. His views in this respect or in others may or may not have been correct; but, if philosophy be a "rational system of fundamental principles," then Dr. Hedge was *par excellence* a philosopher.

In this sphere and that of literature he will be known to the future; to the present, especially to many who have known him best and loved him most, he was, before all else, the preacher.

To illustrate what the Boston *Herald* calls his ability to marry rhetoric to theology, I quote two brief extracts from his discourses: —

"And thou, O man of the world! what means this everlasting coil of business which has wound itself about thy heart with Herculean strength? What means this wild waste of affairs on which thou art tossed, the giddy plaything of its yeasty waves? Is it to fence out a paltry portion of the world's broad common which you call property, or to occupy a corner of the world's wide annals which you call fame?"

"A stone or a block of marble may have a creed engraved upon it, and is as proper a subject for the kingdom of heaven as that nominal Christian whose marble heart receives no other impress than the system of doctrines which some dominant sect has chiselled there."

In the pulpit, as in the philosopher's chair, was found the same fairness toward men and ideas opposed. He possessed a sense of humor which ran deep, a vein of

satire more telling because employed not through the force of impulse, but of conviction, a fearlessness which was absolutely fearless. As "this most flagitious war" he characterized our conflict with Mexico. For those "detained at home by illness, for those also detained by fear of rain," is said on one occasion to have been the burden of part of his prayer in the church service.

He did not have especially, however, that power designated by the much abused term "personal magnetism." He himself said that he sought to reach the minds of his people primarily through the head rather than through the heart. He was not without emotion, but his feelings were too deep for sudden or commonplace manifestation. He belonged to that class of preachers—all in all, perhaps, the most far-reaching in influence—in which the logical or philosophical element predominates, in which every word is weighed, in which there is no lack of feeling or sympathy, but in which these rest primarily in the thought.

Author, philosopher, preacher, he was yet something more,—a prophet and a teacher.

Many of the thoughts in his earlier works have become household words of the liberal faith. His teachings have echoed—sometimes, indeed, amplified and extended—from a thousand pulpits, and have entered, to abide, into the intellectual life of the century.

George C. Cressey.
Salem, Mass.

GOING TO HEAR SPURGEON.

The recent very severe illness of the great Baptist preacher of London has called new attention to him and his work, and adds fresh interest to my recollections of a visit to his church two years ago.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle, as his church is called, is located a mile and a half or two miles south of the Thames, in the very heart of that vast section of small shops and residences of middle class and poor people which has sprung up on the other side of the river from London proper. The means of access to the Tabernacle from every part of this great section—indeed, from every part of London—is excellent. Indeed, there is probably not a large city in the world in which communication between its various parts, no matter how remote, is so easy as it is in the great British metropolis.

What is the history of Mr. Spurgeon, and how did the Metropolitan Tabernacle come to be built?

Charles Spurgeon was the son of a poor minister in the east counties of England. He began preaching at the age of sixteen. He had little education, but much earnestness and fervor and natural fluency of speech. At nineteen, while pastor of a little Baptist society in a village near Cambridge, he was invited to speak for a single Sunday at a Baptist chapel in South London. He himself has described his first experience in the great city,—how green and awkward he was, how self-distrustful, how forlorn among the seething mass of strangers, who neither knew nor cared for him, and how he longed to get back to the village from which he came. But, young and inexperienced as he was, he had in him native power to stir and move men by his speech. As the result of that Sunday's preaching, he was called to London. His first sermon in the metropolis was preached to two hundred persons. In three months' time he was speaking to thousands.

This was in the year 1853. For some time he spoke in Surrey Music Hall. But by the year 1859 he had set a movement on foot to build a great tabernacle. The movement prospered. The money was raised. The building was finished and dedicated in 1861. Its cost was $156,000. Its seating capacity was nearly 6,000. It is here he has preached ever since, filling the house steadily to its utmost capacity. His church organization, at first small, has grown and grown, until it now numbers more than 5,000, and is the largest Protestant church in the world.

It was in August that I went to hear Spurgeon. Consulting the daily papers, I found he was announced to preach at 11 A.M. and at 5 P.M. Wishing to go to Stopford Brooke's in the morning, I chose five o'clock for Spurgeon.

I set out with my wife from our rooms near King's Cross at three o'clock. First we take an omnibus to the Bank, passing along Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, Newgate St., and Cheapside. At the Bank we take another omnibus to and across London Bridge and along Wellington St., Blackman Street, and Newington Causeway to the "Elephant

and Castle," a central point where six or seven of the most important thoroughfares of South London meet. Here we alight, and find our way on foot to Spurgeon's,—a walk of but two or three minutes.

Almost before we know, we are at the iron gates that shut off the tabernacle from the street. It is a comfortable summer afternoon, with some signs of rain. It is half-past four o'clock,—thirty minutes before time for the service to begin. Can we get in? Yes, one side gate is open, and by way of this a few people are beginning to enter. We pass through the gate. Two men are standing guard inside, one of whom hands us an envelope. I take it and put it in my pocket, and pass on. Reaching the side door of the church, the only one open, we attempt to enter, but are stopped. "Did you drop the envelope into the box?" I am asked. "No." "Then please go back and do so." Thus commanded, I read what is printed on the envelope. There I am told a few words about Mr. Spurgeon's "Pastors' College," and am asked to put some money into the envelope and deposit the same in the box for the benefit of the college. I *must* put the *envelope* into the box. It is earnestly *hoped* that I will put in a good enclosure of *money as well as* the envelope.

My deposit duly made, the church door is opened to us and we go in. An usher gives us a seat in a raised section of the church, near the entrance. Here we wait the half-hour. The comers grow more and more numerous. The raised section where we are is quickly filled. Soon another, opposite, fills up also. The regular holders of pews begin to come. These go directly to their seats. Five minutes before time for the service to begin the signal is given, and pews are reserved for their owners no longer, but are thrown open for strangers. We who are waiting in the raised seats by the doors are told to go down into the body of the church and enter pews wherever we please. We have our eyes on some vacant seats well forward and central, where we shall be in good view of the preacher; and thither we make our way. In less than five minutes every seat in the great room is filled.

The tabernacle is dingy and commonplace-looking outside. It is very plain-looking inside. Two wide galleries extend around all sides of the room. Some pews are cushioned, some are not. At the farther end are two large elevated platforms, one above the other. On the upper one is the pulpit.

Soon from a door at the rear of this platform Mr. Spurgeon makes his appearance, followed by several officers of the church, who come forward and take their seats near him. Mr. Spurgeon takes his seat by a table. This is his pulpit. On the table are a pitcher of water, a small bouquet of flowers, a Bible, and a hymn-book.

We recognize the great preacher instantly from his pictures. A man could not look plainer. Hardly could one look less intellectual. His short but abundant hair, which stands out almost straight from his head, is getting gray. His beard is trimmed close. He wears a plain black sack coat, very long, a turn-over collar, and a plain black tie. He carries a cane, and, as he walks, leans heavily upon it, showing that he is suffering from lameness.

The service begins, but not with music of the organ. There is no organ here, and no instrument of music of any kind. Mr. Spurgeon gives out a hymn. A young man sitting on the platform at his left comes forward to the rail and starts the tune. The vast congregation rises and joins as with one voice.

And what singing it is! We miss the organ at first, but soon are lost, borne away on the swelling tide of those six thousand voices.

Prayer is offered by a young man that we take to be a preacher belonging to Mr. Spurgeon's college or other assistant in his work.

The chapter of Scripture is read by Spurgeon himself, and accompanied with running comments. And now we begin to see the great preacher's power. The reading is very natural, very expressive, and the comments are exceedingly happy. Nothing could excel the ease with which they are thrown in. They are simple, pointed, practical,—flashing light upon the meaning of sentences, unsealing little hidden fountains of tender sentiment, driving home lessons of duty.

After the second hymn and the giving out of the church notices, in connection with which an earnest plea is made for more consecrated work in district visitation and more

money to support the Pastors' College, the text is taken and the sermon begins.

The preacher stands by the table without manuscript, and talks simply, naturally, in plain Saxon words admirably chosen, with point, with earnestness, with touches of humor, with anecdote and illustration enough, but not too much, with climaxes of fervor, never boisterous, with occasional mixings in of theological dogmatism that we wish he would leave out, with noble appeals to the hearts and consciences of all. There is nothing new in the sermon, and nothing profound. But it is better than new or profound: it is human and helpful. The theme is the practical Christian life, which does not give much chance for the preacher's peculiar theology; for, as to the question of how we ought to live, all earnest people, of whatsoever religious name, are pretty well agreed.

I confess I was greatly pleased with the sermon. It was not great, but it was manly and inspiring and good. If Mr. Spurgeon preached in that way always, I should like to hear him every week. As I listened, delighted, I said to myself, "Why cannot he lay aside his dreadful Calvinism,—with which some of his sermons are so blue,—and preach always in this noble, rational, and helpful fashion?" And then I said further to myself, "Some time there are coming Spurgeons who will,—Spurgeons wise enough to know that it is not elections and reprobations, and Adam's falls, and infallible Bibles, and dogmas of impossible trinities and eternal hells, that lift up and bless and save men; but justice and mercy and truth, and faith in God's everlasting love, and that practical Christian life which men may lead, and lead just as well, without ever dreaming that there are any Adam's falls, or trinity dogmas, or elections, or the rest."

Mr. Spurgeon is a great power in London. In nearly everything but his theology he is liberal, in some things radical. And his religion, all but its theology, is a most humane and noble religion. He is a thorough man of the people, is profoundly interested in *helping* the people, and in return the people give him their confidence and love, as well they may.

It is very wonderful what a large and many-sided work he has done these thirty years and more, since his tabernacle was erected. Besides building up his immense church, he has established and is carrying on a Pastors' College, in which nearly a thousand preachers have received instruction; an orphanage, in which five hundred poor boys are furnished homes; a home for aged women, with a score or so of inmates; a school, in which two hundred and fifty boys and half as many girls are taught; and a colporteurs' association for the distribution of books and tracts. And then, in addition to all this, he edits a religious magazine, writes books, prints a regular weekly sermon which goes almost all over the world, and speaks for many good causes. Of course, however, his great *central* work is preaching; and all else grows more or less directly out of this.

In what lies Spurgeon's great power as a preacher? I should answer:—

First, in his voice, which I think is the very finest I ever heard.

Second, in his remarkable fluency and felicity of speech.

Third, in his dramatic power and fertility of illustration, coupled with his happy and ever ready humor.

Fourth, in his warm heart and splendid sympathy with men.

Fifth, in his mighty earnestness, based upon his tremendous faith in right and duty and God.

Add to these qualities, which have made him the great preacher, his practical organizing ability, which is unquestionably of the very highest order, and we have the secret, I think, of the vast and beneficent work that he has accomplished.

Nearly all that I have said has been of the good side of Spurgeon, the great and noble side, the side for which we can have only praise. I have barely touched the other—the side of his theological stationariness and narrowness.

It is one of the strange things of this world that men can be so broad and liberal and progressive in other things and so narrow and illiberal and retrogressive in matters of religious belief.

Spurgeon is as backward-looking in his theology as Canon Liddon, whom I heard the Sunday preceding my visit to the tabernacle. He has become of late years as deeply alarmed as Liddon over the growth of liberal thought in England. He declares

that it is penetrating all the denominations—his own, the Baptist denomination, included. For some years, in season and out of season, he has been warning his brethren against the new and more rational views of the Bible which are appearing, and against the allowing of reason an enlarging place in the interpretation of Christian doctrine; and declaring that, unless a halt is called, the direst consequences to Christianity must result. Unable to countenance longer the tolerance shown by a large part of the Baptist body in England to the new light and learning, he has at last definitely cut off himself and his church from connection with the central organization of that body, and put himself at the head of a distinct reactionary movement,—a movement to stand by the old Calvinism in its entirety, and resist all encroachments of modern thought. Of course this is to be regretted. How futile it all is he must sooner or later find out. King Canute could command the rising tide of the sea to go back; but would it obey him? So a Spurgeon may easily enough bid the rising tide of modern inquiry and faith in reason go back; but who that has looked deeply into the mighty forces at work in our time—at work to renovate and make new—believes that the mighty forward impulse toward better things for man and for religion will stop, much less roll backward toward the old night?

I would devoutly thank God for Spurgeon and all the noble work for humanity that he has done. But not less would I thank God for the men of different—and, shall I not say, of still diviner—mould, whose faces have been ever turned to the morning, whose brows have been lighted with the rays of the rising sun of truth, whose mission it has been to lead men forward toward the ever brightening day.

J. T. Sunderland.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE.

I think we may believe that the soul in the next existence is not arbitrarily assigned to any one place. Why? Because God, being the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and alike in all parts of his universe, must stand always in the same relation to his child, no matter where that child may be. Therefore, that child, being the same *person* in all realms, and possessing the human power of choice, must be free there as well as here, no matter whether he be the good son or the prodigal.

As to the condition of the human soul in the next existence, must we not think somewhat as follows? God being always and everywhere the same, his laws are immutable. The law of cause and effect, therefore, we must believe to be universal. Hence every soul, no matter where, reaps as it sows. The act determines the consequence. This consequence, having to do with the soul, makes its heaven and hell. Heaven and hell, then, are within, not without; conditions, not localities. They are the natural results of right or wrong desires, thoughts, deeds; not final places of abode, or rewards given by an arbitrary power.

Thus it becomes plain how it is that a person can live in the most beautiful place, surrounded by everything that mortal can wish, and yet be intensely unhappy and miserable. If the soul's condition be right, then is heaven present, whether that soul be in this world or the next.

If the coming existence is purely spiritual (and we think it is), then to us it is indescribable. It may be a "Beulah Land," a land filled with "corn and wine," "milk and honey"; but we are not able to think so.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has given us a picture of that future existence,—to some a very attractive and satisfying one,—but we need not suppose that it is in all respects true to the reality. We may believe that, as the purely spiritual life is higher than our present one, so are its conditions other and higher than earthly conditions. The lover of mother earth knows what are the joys of the soul over the beauties of earthly valleys, mountains, and seas; the flowers, the songs of the birds, the twinkling stars. What must be awaiting us if these things are but glimpses and foretastes?

However, one thing is certain: in that next life, as here, we shall see that, and only that, which we are able to see. There, as well as here, we shall enjoy only that which we are capable of enjoying. Whether the next world will be beautiful to us or not will depend upon what we are. It may be that, with all its beauty and goodness, it will be a veritable hell to some. Thus the next

life, though an advance upon this, may not be altogether free from man's imperfections or evil. No, the fact that so-called death, or the change from this life to the next, does not alter the condition of the soul, or, in other words, does not alter one whit the character of the departed, seems to afford ample proof that there will be need of not a few reformers over there. All will not be perfect.

This gives us a hint, and a strong one, of what may be the work of the next life. As men will need to overcome, need to grow in truth, beauty, and love, and as the strong will need to help the weak, will not the next life be, in a larger measure, a life of endeavor? The weak endeavoring to overcome, the strong helping them; Lazarus helping Dives; Stephen helping those who stoned him to death; Paul helping those who gave him many stripes; Jesus helping Judas and his crucifiers; all the strong and pure of earth helping the poor prodigals; the good fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters (all angels of love), spreading the gospel that makes anew the souls of men, and leading their dear ones on and up. Can we think of a better life or a better world?

It will be well to remember that, as man is a finite creature, there cannot be a time here or hereafter when he will know all. Therefore, man must be a learner in the next life. It matters not how much knowledge one may have acquired here, he has scarcely entered the portals of what must be awaiting his effort in an unending future. Thus we may think of Jesus, or Paul, as making known greater and greater revelations of God. We may think of the poets, artists, musicians, as rising higher and higher by the unfolding of the possibilities God has given them. We may think of all beings as making growth God-ward. Progress, then, must be the mighty word of the next world as well as of this.

LEVERETT R. DANIELS.
Big Rapids, Mich.

Dr. H. A. Buchtel, formerly pastor of Trinity (Methodist) Church in Denver, but now living in Indianapolis, recently addressed the Sunday-school of his old charge by phonograph. The machine was placed upon the stage in a large hall, and the address was heard distinctly by the whole audience.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE LOTTERY.

Students of our social morals, who have been watching our progress from the low standard that obtained among us in the decade immediately following the Civil War, are doubtless noting with interest and pleasure the increasing zeal against gambling in various forms, manifested within the last few months throughout the country. In New England the so-called bond and investment "orders," in theory and in practice closely akin to many forms of gambling, are rapidly bursting, partly through the inherent weakness of such bubbles, but more because of the vigorous attacks upon them by newspapers, societies, and individuals. In New York the "policy shops" and pool-rooms have been watched much more strictly than in the past, and active prosecutions have been undertaken against notorious violators of the gaming laws. In the West "watch clubs," "piano clubs," and like swindling and, in principle, gambling devices have been thwarted. And, finally, in Louisiana an active campaign has just begun against the renewal of the charter of the lottery.

The Louisiana lottery is unquestionably the most far-reaching and generally practised form of gambling in this country. Play at clubs, for example, affects but a small class, and one, as a rule, well able to afford so costly a diversion. "Policy" and pool-selling are confined largely to cities, adjacent towns, and race-tracks. But the lottery reaches every part of the country and every class in the community,—the poor clerk in the large cities, the struggling farmer in New England or in the West, the laborer, working wheresoever there is a "job" to be had. By the statement of its own officers, ninety-seven per cent. of the receipts of the lottery come from persons outside of Louisiana. If its operations were confined to that State, the case would be serious enough, and the refusal of a new charter a reform which might well arouse general interest; but the very fact of the extent and strength of the lottery's hold, especially upon the poor, makes it almost a universal evil, and its fight for existence in Louisiana a fight for existence in the whole country.

Legalized lotteries are no new thing.

Nearly every modern State has at one time or another increased its revenues by such means. They have existed within the present century in England and in France; they still exist in Italy and in Spain; and in our own country, not so many years ago, they were widely recognized as a legitimate aid in the furtherance of all sorts of enterprises. But at present only in Louisiana, of all our States, has the lottery legal recognition. It received its charter in 1868 from the "carpet-bag" government of that time, for a term of twenty-five years,—that is, until 1893,—at an annual license fee of $10,000. Efforts have not been lacking in the past to repeal the charter, but they have been successfully resisted by the lottery on the ground that the State could not violate its contract. Yet curiously and inconsistently enough, there is a law on the statute book of Louisiana prohibiting all lotteries in that State after Jan. 1, 1895.

In the spring of 1890 the company, an irresponsible body of seven men, of whom the name of only one is known, began active work for the renewel of its charter. An effort to legalize the lottery in the new State of North Dakota was on the point of failure, and a new charter from Louisiana was, therefore, the company's only salvation. It happened that the levees were then threatened, more seriously than for years, by the annual rising of the Mississippi; and the lottery forthwith sent $100,000 to Governor Nichols for their repair and improvement. The governor, recognizing the true purpose of the gift, returned it on the day that it was proffered. In May the legislature assembled, and the one important question before it was the application of the lottery for an extension of its charter. In his message Governor Nichols strongly opposed such renewal, dwelling at length not only upon the moral, but upon the obvious political and economic dangers that the continuance of the lottery involved. Nevertheless, a bill was reported, submitting a constitutional amendment to the people of the State, by which the charter of the lottery was extended for twenty-five years in return for $31,500,000, to be paid into the State treasury in annual instalments of $1,250,000 each, and to be expended for public schools, charities, the building of levees, the drainage of New Orleans, and other purposes, in themselves equally worthy.

The debate was long and sharp. But finally the bill passed both houses by exactly the two-thirds vote necessary for its adoption,—a significant evidence, at least in the judgment of its opponents, of the skilful secret methods used by the lottery company to accomplish its ends. Governor Nichols promptly vetoed the bill, repeating the objections he had urged in his message and emphasizing the corrupt and impoverishing consequences such a license-fee, virtually an annual gift, was likely to bring upon the State. "Extravagance, profligacy, and corruption," he concluded, "will as surely follow the result as the night follows the day." The lower house of the Assembly as promptly passed the bill over the veto; but in the upper house, by reason of the sudden death of a senator, the necessary two-thirds vote was lacking. The claim was then made by the supporters of the lottery that the submission of a constitutional amendment to the people was valid simply by act of the legislature, whether the governor approved or not. This claim has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the State, the proposed amendment duly promulgated, and the vote upon it will be cast in the State election in April of next year.

The campaign has already begun, and promises to be by far the most vigorous political contest in Louisiana, or indeed in the South, since the days of the "carpet-bag" *régime*. The weight of argument, the support of the sober elements in the community, are largely on one side, and on the other a long established corporation and its friends, perfectly organized, with unfailing material resources, and fighting for its very existence. Governor Nichols will himself be a candidate for re-election; and, however open to criticism his conduct in the events of last March may have been, he deserves at least in his struggle against the lottery the moral support of the whole country. For it is not in the existence of a legalized lottery in Louisiana, but in the extent of its workings all over the country and in the hold it has upon almost every class, that the chief danger lies. Perhaps the recent law regulating the use of the mails by lotteries may, if its constitutionality is affirmed, prove of some effect as a check upon their opera-

tions; but the lapse of the charter of the Louisiana lottery would deprive the only remaining company of importance of all legal right to existence, and place it within the jurisdiction of the State laws for the restriction of gaming. The opponents of the lottery in Louisiana are not foolishly trying to eradicate by law the instinctive human passion for games of chance, but to deprive the company of all legal sanction and to end, for good and all, the virtual partnership of the State in its profits.—*H. T. Parker, in the Boston Commonwealth.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Since the gospel is "glad tidings of great joy," why should not its believers be the happiest of men and women? Even when called to suffer affliction, they should not sorrow as do those who have little or no hope. If we truly and sincerely believe God to be both a Father and a Friend, we have "an anchor to the soul which is both sure and steadfast." It is just as true now as it was in the days of the apostles that "we love him because he first loved us," that "we which have believed do enter into rest," that "there is great peace and joy in believing," —even a joy which is "unspeakable and full of glory."

True faith in God will bring about this desirable condition of the human soul. Although Universalists and Unitarians have more hope in the ultimate triumph of the good and the true than any other people, yet even our faith is sometimes too weak and our hope too feeble in the *ultimate* of our best desires. We are too often beset with fears and doubts unbecoming the faith we profess. With our grand hope which embraces the world, we ought to be the happiest of mortals; and yet we have seen some, even of the household of faith, who seem no more cheerful than those who believe in a dark and cheerless creed.

Some people are almost constantly under a cloud, their sky is always leaden, their fields are never green, their flowers are never either bright or fragrant. Such peeple have need to pray, "Lord, increase our faith." Then, again, there are others who see good in everything. For them the sun always shines, the stars constantly twinkle, and all nature speaks God's praise. Such people love to live and live to love. They do not depend altogether on outward circumstances for their happiness: they have that inward consciousness of the wisdom, justice, and goodness of God which enables them to rejoice in the hope of final universal good. To such people the door of mercy is never closed—the Father's love knows no change; and, though some may be groping in outer darkness, they believe they will find their way into perfect day.

Outward circumstances have but little influence on the cheerfulness or sadness of men. The rich may be sad, and the poor are often very cheerful. The fortunate may be gloomy, and the unfortunate full of hope. The rich may have faith, and yet be wrapped up in morbid gloom. I have heard stalwart fellows deploring in lachrymose strains the misery of life in the very presence of confirmed invalids whose cheerfulness shed a radiance upon all within their circle.

All who borrow trouble must expect to pay the principal when it becomes due, with compound interest on the capital. Those who trade on such borrowed capital ought to fail. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"One day at a time
Is a wholesome rhyme."

Cheerfulness is one of the best ingredients in the cup of human felicity. The true Christian man or woman will always seek for it, always look on life's brightest side, always cherish good hope that, though it be night now, the morning will surely come; for God is good, and goodness will finally triumph over all evil. Then "God's will be all the glory, and man's the boundless bliss."

JAMES SHRIGLEY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

*MAY NOT "BREADTH" AND "FREEDOM" BE OVERDONE?**

What shall we say of breadth, tolerance, freedom?

American orators, in their Fourth of July speeches, have been accustomed to glorify their country as "an asylum for the oppressed of all nations." But now the question arises in many minds, "Can we afford to occupy such a position any longer if we wish to continue to be an American nation?" "The

*Part of a paper read before the Chicago Women's Unitarian Alliance.

voice of the people is the voice of God," says the orator. It ought to be; perhaps it is, if we could fairly get at it; but the voice of the people as recorded by the hand of party politics sometimes seems to come from a different source. If I were a Fourth of July orator to-day, I am not sure that I should not advocate restricted emigration and limited suffrage. What if the same spirit should move me to put forth a plea for limitation in denominational work? Freedom, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. This proverb is one of universal application. It is true of everything, from the air we breathe and the water we drink to the law of gravitation or the right of suffrage or the love we bear our children. There is nothing that can be used that cannot also be abused; and this it is that makes the awful responsibility of life; the continual weighing and deciding what is the best course to take under just such circumstances. If a line could be drawn, once for all, on one side of which should be all things right and good, and on the other all things wrong and harmful, how would human life be simplified.

Shall we be broad? Yes, certainly. Yet there is a limit, unless we would destroy everything; for, if we take off the roof of our house and knock down its walls and tear up its floor, then we have nothing left we can call our home. Shall we then be narrow? That depends upon what we mean by narrow. We must have our house large enough for generous hospitality, and yet it must be *our* house: we cannot love a hotel. Unitarianism, having left the trodden path where things right and wrong were labelled for convenient use, has now the responsibilities of freedom. We are not always wise. Sometimes this freedom is a source of strength, courage, and inspiration, and sometimes it seems as if it would surely be the death of us. Our spirit of toleration, which leads us to respect the opinions and methods of those who differ from us if only they are sincere, and to join hands with them for practical good works, is good; and yet there are times and places when fidelity to our own convictions demands that we shall withdraw such fellowship and support. Shall we, then, be narrow? We must be loyal to our own truth and our own special work, and loyalty is narrowness, if you choose to call it by that name. The fact is, we cannot fully adopt divine methods in our work until we have also divine wisdom and omnipotence. God can afford to make his sun shine on the evil and on the good, and to send his rain on the just and on the unjust, because he is certain of having enough rain and sunshine for all; but we whose resources are limited must confine our stream into a narrower channel than nature has provided for it, and pour it upon the wheel of our own special mill, if we expect to grind our wheat into flour, and make bread with which to feed the hungry.

Rebecca Palfrey Utter.

COUNTRY VERSUS CITY LIFE.

I was worn and weary. I left the noise and heat of the glaring city, and found rest in the simple life of a neighboring farm.

Stretched "under the greenwood tree," my heart, in spite of myself, sang the praise of the Hill-side Farm.

"Surely," mused my refreshed spirits, "no four letters embrace more of extent and restful activity in their meaning than those in *farm*. Place *hill* before them, and instantly farm is raised to an eminence where it can safely flaunt itself and say, 'Behold, a hill farm is the most beautiful of farms!'"

"That is city-bred vanity," flashed back my inner consciousness. "All such small conceits are, *prima facie*, out of place in the peaceful country. Those quietly grazing cows in the next field do not know they are making the prettiest of pictures, toning down the green splendor of the pasture with their black, yellow, and brown. The snowy buckwheat field on the right bends its sea of blossoms in obedience to the wind, not pride. The horse yonder, quite unaffected in his rural simplicity, is unaware that there is a grace in the leisurely sweep of his tail and his rough gallop through the fields that his city-bred brothers, trapped in gay harness, would sacrifice some of their smartness to enjoy. Even the sheep and pigs-at-large, over there, lie down together in perfect amity, and in ignorance of their good nature. The poultry"— Here Memory laughed outright. "Admit," it murmured, "that here ethics are not upheld. Envious critics, the 'lords of the quill,' every one knows, may justly drag to city notice the worldly unattractiveness of the barn-yard.

The turkey gobbler alone points a moral if he cannot adorn a tail. Who has not seen the gallinaceous fowl, swelling with importance until twice a becoming size, draw one leg so high and proudly up that its reappearance seems doubtful, with black bead eyes and shake of horrid wattle peer for the most tempting bit the morning sun shines upon, and gobble it whole in unlovely eagerness? Unworthy prototype, whose kith and kin parade the world as openly tolerated, as secretly despised, as thou, O boss of the barn-yard! Evolution imposed a too hard task when it left the elimination of these unlovely traits to the 'survival of the fittest.'"

"Calm your wrath, Memory," interposed Reason, "recollect that all other dumb animals of the farm are in sympathy with smiling Nature around them. Think of the much libelled mule, working in uncomplaining steadiness at his hard task, awaiting with a sort of grim expectancy his sunset release"— Alert Memory laughed again. "It is true! Then, unmolested, he seeks the dusty road and rolls upon his patient back, shaking his clumsy legs skyward, like an overturned table of unsteady habits."

"Indeed," returned Reason, "I have often thought the fine shepherd dog would laugh himself, if Mother Goose melodies were true, at his sport in driving home the cows, —huge creatures ridiculously servile to his small size and bark. He only growls when the busy farm-wife calls him to the dairy, harnesses him to the churn, and starts him walking ceaselessly forward, knowing nothing of the glorious burden dashing up and down behind him. Good nature and dog nature, with a little shifting and twisting, may be made synonymous, but not under all circumstances. Is thy *dog* a servant, that he should do this great thing?

"But, unquestionably, the cows are the most favored animals on the farm. At sunrise and sunset they are never forgotten. Knowing relief awaits them at the hands of the farmer's daughter, how provokingly they make use of their good treatment! What time they take in entering the barn, falling into rank, and thrusting their heads in the rack that holds them in quietness! The farmer's daughter has named them all; and Jersey Belle, Brookle, Black Polly, New Beauty, and all the rest, only at the eleventh minute of the waning patience of their pink sun-bonneted attendant, settle down to quiet chewing of their cud." Delighted Imagination here broke in upon this long reverie, and sentimentally raved: "And then through the barn is heard the crunching of their teeth and the swift swish of the milk in the pail.

"And the farmer's daughter,—the poets and the romancers know her even better than her cows. They sing that

> 'Nature made her what she is,
> And ne'er made sich anither';

also,

> 'What happiness the rural maid attends!'"

"Conceded," steady Reason returned, "if happiness depends alone upon conditions; for where better for a healthier, busier, happier life than in Nature's garden? But too true it is that sometimes these maids feel called to better work than bearing the huge pails to the dairy. Then it is that ambition, aspiration, and resentfulness drive them to the great unknown,—the city,—where they foolishly exchange for servile toil the healthy work at home.

"*Question:* How comes their discontent? Under what form steals it into these restful pastoral paradises, where father and mother, and theirs, and theirs before theirs, have worked contentedly?

"*Answer:* In the gilded rumors that float countryward of the endless advantages and pleasures of the city; also, in the quite senseless modern aversion to a country life, found not less often among the hard-working farmers' daughters and the half-starved wretched tenement-dwellers of the city, who spurn the offer of home and work in the country,—found not less often among these than among the well-to-do everywhere.

"It is not to be questioned that the advantages offered in the city are rich, varied, valuable. But the greater part of these can be enjoyed only by the leisure classes, and a proportion of the smaller part can easily be grafted on the country life.

"Clubs, newspapers, books, 'social amenities,' need not of necessity be strangers to the loveliest regions of the earth. The summer vacation of the city folks, short, all too short, as it is, would give them the opportunity of sowing the seed.

"Why do not the nineteenth-century Ser-

mons on the Mount set forth the desirability and beauty of a life in the country rather than the reverse? Why do they not offer suggestions for making it more desirable, more beautiful?

"Why not strive to turn the poorer civilization, whenever and wherever possible, toward the hills and vales? Would not city benefits attend its flight? Assuredly, the overcrowded cities would be relieved, the Grangers would no longer cry in vain for laborers, nor city boarders fruitlessly scour the country round for one who is a worker, and,"— "Best of all," slyly interposed Sentiment, "the farmers' maids would become content with the millers' sons at hand, if for no other reason than that of contrasted virtues."

. . . . . .

Hereupon I buried my face in the sweet-scented grass, "under the greenwood tree," while

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

rejoicingly sang: "The country is a moral tonic. Let some depraved nature stand upon the hills, look off upon the shaded greens of their sloping sides, look up into the soft depths of the pure heavens, look back upon the village gleaming white and snug in the distance, look within at his own dark thoughts and wasted opportunities, and such a one will feel a noble discontent, an ambition for a better self, a better life, a call to become perfect."

M. A. B.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

A SEAMLESS COAT AND A SHAMELESS FRAUD.

The Roman Church has commenced and will keep up for seven weeks, for the benefit of her followers all over the world, the most notorious exhibition of fraud and folly that she dares to venture on in the present century. It is forty-seven years since the "Holy Coat of Trèves" was last exhibited to the eyes of pilgrims. We remember an old friend of ours, who travelled in Germany that year, asking one of the dignified clergy of Trèves if the relic were really genuine,— the veritable coat without a seam which the Roman soldiers confiscated at the crucifixion. The priest's reply was a cautious one: "On le dit, monsieur" ("They say so"). Yes; and what grounds do they allege for the assertion? Only evidence of the scantiest, to support one of the most startling of all possible pretences.

There are other continental cities whose churches also claim to possess the true "Holy Coat"; but, of the conflicting relics, that possessed by Trèves is the most famous and has proved the most profitable. It is said to have been presented to Trèves by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. Helena visited Palestine, eagerly seeking for memorials of the life of Jesus. The early Christians, if the New Testament depicts them accurately, had been too much intent on the spiritual aspects of their Master's history to care for physical and material memorials connected with him. And, even if they had been in the habit of collecting relics of Jesus, it is not likely that they would have succeeded in preserving many of these treasures during the siege of Jerusalem and the devastation which was spread so widely by the sword of Titus. However, Helena had no doubts of this kind; and the Palestinian monks of her day were sufficiently unlike the apostolic Christians to be able to supply a rich and credulous empress with an abundance of the strange sights which she desired. They showed her the very stable where Christ was born, the house at Nazareth which he inhabited, the pillar at which he was scourged, the cross on which he was hung, and the coat which he wore on the day of crucifixion. This last relic they permitted her to take possession of. And it is to be hoped that they did not assure her, as the Catholics of Trèves now assert, that it was woven by the hands of the Virgin Mary herself when Jesus was a child, and that it thenceforward grew miraculously, to keep pace with his gradual growth to manhood. Not a shadow of evidence remains that the garment the monks gave to Helena could be traced to the days of Jesus. Nor does a shadow of documentary evidence exist that Helena ever gave it to Trèves, or that, if she did, it was preserved in after years from loss and decay.

History thenceforward loses sight of it for more than eight hundred years, until in the year 1196 the archbishop is said to have

found in the crypt of St. Nicholas's altar, and deposited in the new high altar of the cathedral, something which he declared was Helena's relic of eight centuries earlier. No evidence for his thinking so was made public at the time, and none has ever been vouchsafed since. Then came another eclipse for three hundred years more, until the Emperor Maximilian had the coat produced in 1512. Only four times since then has it seen the light of day. The last occasion was in 1844, when Rome, being engaged in a struggle with the Prussian government, had need for some great stirring up of Catholic sentiment in Germany. This last exhibition of it attracted more than a million pilgrims during the seven weeks of its continuance. And it provoked the bold protest of the reforming German priest, John Ronge, who indignantly reminded the bishops that the apostles had been too busy in spreading the teachings of Jesus to care about collecting his clothes, and that the only persons who were mentioned in the Bible as caring much about his garments were the men who killed him. It remains to be seen if any second Ronge will arise among the priesthood of 1891 to utter a like protest. An unfortunate layman, the editor of a newspaper at Katowitz, has been sent to prison for a fortnight for writing an article which cast doubts on the authenticity of the Holy Coat.

We all know that the Roman Church is very vigilant in protecting her followers against errors in matters of religion. Only three years ago the Congregation of the Index at Rome forbade the circulation of Lasserre's translation of the Gospels into French, and made it a sin to read it. Yet so little did Lasserre's book deviate from Catholic truth that both the archbishop of Paris and the pope himself had expressly sanctioned the volume. Yet the Index, thus lynx-eyed to check the circulation of a Bible, has not a doubt to hint as to the incredible but profitable folly of Trèves.

Curiously enough, it is not alone to Catholics that the Trèves exhibition will bring profit. The German papers say that millions of engravings of the Holy Coat are being printed in Berlin, mainly by Protestants, and that these will be hawked throughout Austria and Bavaria by pedlers. *London Christian Life.*

The coat exhibited consists, it is said, of pieces of decayed brownish-colored stuff of linen or cotton, attached to inner and outer fabrics of silk and gauze intended to preserve it. Bishop Korum a few days ago drew it from its box in the presence of the provost and spread it out on a table in the treasure chamber, but refused to let anybody save himself touch it. Forty thousand pilgrims a day are expected. Three ships, with nine hundred pilgrims each, are coming from America. The people of Trèves will reap a golden harvest. So great are their expectations that the landlords are turning out their tenants to let the rooms themselves. Special railway stations have been constructed; five hundred citizens have applied for temporary public-house licenses; one thousand have volunteered to watch the relic; and it is anticipated that the faithful will be encouraged by the announcement of numerous miracles. Trèves for six weeks will have slipped back into the fifteenth century.—*London Christian World.*

SPEAK OUT AND FEAR NOT.

Perhaps the most powerful causes that retard the growth of Unitarianism may be summed up in the word "fear,"—fear of what others may say of us, fear of free inquiry and of fair investigation, fear of the practical application of rational principles.

There are three principal manifestations of this fear. There is the *apologetic tone* we are very apt to take, asking to be excused for holding truth which we cannot help holding, pleading for it as if it needed favor, praying in its behalf to the more powerful creeds of the churches. We ask forbearance with our heresy. We labor, as the most important thing, to set ourselves right with dominant opinions, to find points of agreement, to show that we are not very far from modern Orthodoxy, and that our variations are but slight and venial. I confess that this kind of presentation taxes one's patience. This apologizing for our truth is unmanly. Not only is it unmanly: it is very unprofitable,—a waste of time and effort. We shall never make foes think better of our faith by trying to explain it away, to soften down its harsh offence to ancient prejudice, or to round off its angles and corners. We shall

not deceive by that amiable timidity. No faith can win a hold on the world of which those who hold it are, or appear to be, in any wise doubtful or ashamed. Let us ask no indulgence for holding what we believe to be religious truth, and for insisting that it shall have the same fair play as all other truth. There is no call for any servile cringing before the faith of prescription or of numbers. And the reason which we ought to render for our faith need have in it no tone of palliation or shrinking. There is not one of the leading truths of our Unitarianism that needs to be excused, to be toned down to a minor key, or to be defended in any but a confident and jubilant strain. There is not one that will gain anything by abrasion or by dilution, though the process be hidden in brilliant and seductive rhetoric. There is no more reason why we should apologize for our religious opinions than for our opinions in politics or art, or science or literature.

A second mistake, akin to this, is the mistake of *suspicion*, of fear that there will be no real audience for our truth, that the world around us will not give us all the attention and heed which we deserve,—a fear of the power of bigotry. Bigotry exists; but we see it very often by watching for it. We exaggerate opposition by making too much of trifles.

A third weakness is that we are apt to conceive that *peace is better than truth*, that principles may be compromised for the sake of harmony, and that all is well if we can only avoid dispute and live in apparent concord with the men of other communions. We are frequently admonished that controversy is the bane of religion, and that, at whatever cost, this eternal wrangling about doctrines and about methods ought to be stopped. Union, not argument, is what we want; quiet, and not agitation. But to bear witness to the truth, and not to bring peace, did Jesus come. And those who seek for peace, at the expense of truth, will never get what they seek.

Our deepest need is twofold: First, *a passionate faith in Unitarianism* as a religion adapted alike for mind and heart,—a love of it with the soul, understanding, and strength, a faith in it that shall possess us, and be the very life of our life; and, if we have not such an absorbing faith in it, why have we become preachers and adherents of that which we just finger, but do not grasp? Second, *a fearlessness in proclaiming it*, not only in its doctrines, but in its application to all the living questions of the time, scientific, political, and social. Let these two conditions be fulfilled, and Unitarianism will be gladly heard more and more by the people.—*J. R. Beard, President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.*

CORNER-STONES OF OUR FAITH.

I. We believe that there is one Supreme Being, our Heavenly Father, to whom love, worship, and obedience are due.

II. We believe that Jesus, the Christ, shows to us the way, the truth, and the life by which the world shall build the kingdom of heaven.

III. We believe that man is of divine origin, as yet imperfect, but immortal in nature and capable of endless development.

IV. We believe that the Bible contains the truths of religion, which, when rightly known and practised, deepen devotion, and impart character.

V. We believe that God, in whom we live and move and have our being, animates all existence, guiding and inspiring the universe.

VI. We believe that our aim, like that of Jesus, should be to establish the Brotherhood of Man, uniting humanity in the ties of peace and good will.

VII. We believe that heaven is a condition of character; and that, to realize it, we must repent of wrong-doing, live unselfishly, and seek perfection. E. A. Horton.

Boston.

THE LIBERAL MINISTRY AS A CALLING.

Men's religious needs were never so intense as now, and the minister who strives to meet them will not find that the pulpit has a loosening hold on the people.—*A. P. Peabody, D.D.*

Never was there a greater call in all parts of this country for thoroughly equipped clergymen than now, and never was the position given to such clergymen more honorable and influential.—*Ex-President Andrew D. White.*

The pulpit should be a mount of vision. The living soul utters oracles there.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

As to the Christian ministry to-day, in its better and freer forms, it is easy to see that it answers thoroughly the three fundamental conditions of an attractive and noble calling: (1) the line of promotion in it is open indefinitely; (2) it gives an American a great opportunity; and (3) it compels a man to enlarge his life from year to year, even from day to day. Indeed, I should say in addition to this that it seems to me there is no other calling open to a young man which combines in the preliminary studies by which one enters into its exercise so much of all those lines of study, thought, and forelook which are most interesting to young men of courage.—*Edward Everett Hale, D.D.*

Material well-being has wonderfully increased; but it was never plainer than it is at the present time that "man does not live by bread alone." The calling of the preacher is more difficult now than it ever was; but it is also loftier, and it ought to be more attractive.—*President Charles W. Eliot.*

I wish in a short series of articles to invite the attention of earnest, able, noble-minded young men to a calling which I believe is worthy of their careful attention, —a calling which, within a comparatively recent time, has risen into unwonted importance, attractiveness, and promise,—one which is not overcrowded, as most other callings are, while at the same time it offers to superior natures entering it possibilities of influence and noble usefulness in the world, unsurpassed, if not unequalled, as I believe, by any other profession whatever. It is the Liberal Christian ministry.

I say the *Liberal Christian* ministry rather than the *Unitarian*, because I wish to speak of the larger thing. Unitarians form only one division of the Liberal Christian army; but what I shall say will apply essentially as well to other divisions as Universalists, Liberal Friends, and Independents, and to some extent to the more progressive wing of some of the so-called orthodox bodies, as the Broad Church Episcopalians and the Andover Congregationalists.

I say *Liberal* Christian rather than simply *Christian*, because the Liberal ministry marks a new type of ministry, just as Liberal Christianity marks a new type of Christianity. So that entering the ministry in Liberal Christian churches is a very different thing from entering the ministry in the old bodies. Its credentials are different; its gospel is largely different; the motives to which it appeals are different; its theory of life is different; its conception of its function is in important respects different.

Of course, it has much in common with the old; but it has much that is new and radically other than the old.

Hence objections that may exist in the minds of any against the ministry conceived of according to the old type do not necessarily hold as applied to the ministry of the new type, with its larger outlooks, its freer air, its broad and fearless applications of reason to religion, its nobler conceptions of God and human nature and human destiny, its appeal from the inspirations of two or three thousand years ago to the inspirations of to-day, its larger and more rational views of the Church, of salvation, of life, and of the whole place and office of religion in the world.

I do not wonder that there are prejudices in the minds of many young men against entering the ministry under the old and still dominant ideas of the ministry and the church and religion. Every little while we hear the cry of mourning raised by the denominations around us because so many of their brightest young men prefer secular callings, because a smaller and smaller proportion of the graduates of the older and leading colleges of the country seem to be choosing the ministry. But there is nothing strange in all this. There are reasons for it. Some of these reasons are not very high or noble perhaps. As, for example, many young men who have in them possibilities of better things get carried away by the tide of practical materialism that runs so high in our day, and plunge into a life of eager, restless, selfish pursuit of money. Others are won by the less sordid allurements of letters, art, journalism, politics, pedagogy, law, medicine, science. These avenues of activity are powerful competitors of the ministry, and doubtless always will be. And yet, legitimately, they ought not to be so powerful competitors as they are to-day; or, rather, to-day the ministry, as compared with those other callings, stands at a disadvantage which it ought not to suffer and will not always suffer. This disadvantage grows out of the fact that it is generally associated in the thought of young men with the preaching and defence of the old creeds and theologies, which so large a proportion of the more intelligent

young men of the time have either thrown away or are growing increasingly doubtful about. Young men of any spirit want freedom, and not bondage. They believe in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century rather than the mediævalism of the centuries when the creeds were made. And so they hesitate about entering a calling, noble and attractive though it be in many respects, in which they fear they cannot stand erect and be their full selves. And who shall say they are not right? The young man is to be honored who chooses literature or law or business rather than the ministry, if to enter the ministry he must subscribe to a single thing which he believes to be untrue or which he even seriously doubts. He does the more religious thing in choosing the so-called secular calling where he can be honest rather than the supposed "religious" one where in any degree he must be dishonest. So that the really thoughtful and earnest portions of the community ought not wholly to deprecate or even regret —rather ought they to have considerable sympathy with—the feelings and motives in the minds of many of the young men of our day which take them into other callings in preference to the Christian ministry.

But how lamentable it is that the noblest of all callings, which exists for the purpose of helping the world toward honesty and truth, should ever have associated with it any conditions whose influence could be to encourage pretence or to suppress that freedom of thought without which the attainment of truth is impossible! How much to be regretted is it that the ministry should not be a calling which young men would recognize at once as the place where of all places they would find it most natural and most expected of them to be their largest, truest selves; where honesty and truth-seeking would be most honored; where their best powers of reason would find full and unhindered scope; where no knowledge would be tabooed; where the largest possible endowments of intellect and conscience and spirit would find employ and welcome in the work of lifting the world up to a nobler life! Just this is what the Christian ministry everywhere ought to be. This is what it is some day going to be.

Nor is what I say solely prediction. A transformation has already begun, at least in the ministry of Protestant Christendom. That ministry is nowhere what it was fifty or even twenty years ago. An ideal more in harmony with the growing light of our modern age is rising before it. If, in general, the advance is not great, in some directions it is considerable. Indeed, in several quarters the new ideal is already the recognized ideal. In several groups of churches the ministry is already understood to stand for essentially this. And here, therefore, of course young men, in being invited to enter the ministry, are invited to nothing less noble and free and high than all this. What groups of churches are these? I need hardly say they are those already named, which I class under the general name of Liberal Christian.

In a following article I shall state in brief what seem to me some of the more important *inducements* for young men to enter the Christian ministry.

J. T. Sunderland.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

FOURTEENTH BIENNIAL SESSION, SEPTEMBER 21–24.

It was at Saratoga! To the initiated this is descriptive enough. To others no iconography can convey any adequate idea of the surrounding attractions and the social opportunities which create the peculiar charm of Saratoga. The weather throughout the entire Conference was bright, balmy, flawless. All outdoor attractions offered unusual temptation, and no clearer evidence is needed of the keen and living interest in the cause and work of Unitarian churches to-day than to note the determined manner in which the two thousand people attending the Conference turned their backs resolutely upon lake, park, sunshine, and cooling breeze, in order to struggle with a jostling crowd for admission to the unattractive, stuffy hall where the Conference met. Every day, and at every meeting through the day, all seats were occupied. In this persistency of attendance, and in the undisturbed harmony of hearty fellowship in which all extremes of opinion seemed for the time being smoothly blended, the Conference of 1891 has never been excelled. It also seems

probable that this Conference will have the credit of having effectually and finally dispelled the last lingering impression that Unitarians are opposed to organization and the methods of association, for almost every item on the programme covering the entire three days' Conference related directly to some definite denominational organization, taking the shape, not of timid proposals, suggestions, or discussions, but of definite reports of work already accomplished, with enlargements upon the positive necessity of doing more. Never has any Conference listened to such a solid presentation of organic results. If we are still to be distinguished for "independence of conviction and diversity of belief," we have, nevertheless, learned at last how to sink our individualities in one common denominational enterprise.

Hand in hand with the executive, however, Unitarianism claims the propelling power of the spirit, which cannot be tamped down into neat reports for file and reference, nor cut up into sections timed off by the secretary's bell. A fine flow of the richest of such spiritual currents was started at the preliminary service on Monday night, when Rev. R. A. Armstrong of Liverpool, Eng., delivered a rousing sermon on the great central truths of Unitarianism. In summing up, he said: "This thought of thoughts is stealing over many a pure and generous mind that is not satisfied with the old arguments that do not go down and touch the marrow of the soul,—the fellowship of man with God in prayer and the reality of moral choice. If the communion with God be forgotten, the moral welfare is soon lost. If the moral welfare be relaxed, the communion with God will soon die out. If we cleave to both, the soul will come to a realization of the words of God when he said, 'Let us make man in our own image.'"

On Tuesday morning, after a touching service of communion administered by Rev. E. E. Hale, Hon. George William Curtis was introduced as presiding officer. The storm of applause that greeted his appearance was continued and renewed again and again. The Boston *Herald* well says that this tremendously enthusiastic welcome "was the spontaneous outburst of admiration for a life that had incarnated the highest ideals of the Unitarian faith in flesh and blood." His inaugural address, which was delivered with all the sweet persuasiveness and winning charm that belong to Mr. Curtis, we print in full in another column. Then followed the council's luminous report read by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. Several points were loudly applauded,—notably, the statement that sixty-one new Unitarian societies had come into existence in the two years since the last meeting of the Conference at Philadelphia. The report for the American Unitarian Association was read by Secretary Grindall Reynolds; and this, with the report of the Women's National Alliance, will also be found upon another page.

Some admirable reports from the various home missionary fields were then read by Rev. J. F. Moors, D.D., Rev. T. B. Forbush, and Hon. D. L. Shorey, President of the Western Conference.

Rev. R. A. Armstrong responded to the welcome to foreign delegates, though he put in a demurrer to the use of the term "foreign" in the case of Englishmen, saying he felt as perfectly at home among American Unitarians as he did in Liverpool or London.

The devotional meeting on Wednesday was led by Rev. Miss C. Bartlett in the absence of Rev. Miss Mary A. Safford.

Church extension was the chief subject for consideration at the morning session; and Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., and Rev. George L. Chaney were the speakers. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D.C., then read an elaborate and forcible paper on "Marriage and Divorce," disclosing the results of a long series of statistics.

Thursday morning Rev. S. H. Camp conducted the devotional service. Reports were presented from the Meadville Theological School Fund Committee, the Liturgy Committee, and from the mission in Japan. It is expected that the Service Book now in preparation by the Liturgy Committee will be completed during the coming winter. Rev. W. W. Fenn read a paper upon "The Bible in Theology," which we have promised for our November number, and shall then print in full. The essay is one of the clearest and most forcible statements of the place occupied by the Bible in modern Uni-

tarianism that has yet been published. We hope it will appear later in pamphlet form.

The three evening meetings were given to popular presentation of the following subjects: Tuesday, "Our Young People," in the interest of Guilds, Christian Unions, Unity Clubs, Temperance Societies, and Sunday-schools. Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Mr. William H. Baldwin, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones spoke. Wednesday, in the general interest of missionary work, Rev. S. J. Barrows, Rev. T. G. Milsted, Rev. T. R. Slicer, Rev. C. G. Ames, all made effective speeches. Thursday, "The Religious Outlook." Great regret was felt at this session by the announcement that the principal speaker for the evening, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., had been suddenly taken seriously ill, and was unable to be present. We have since learned that Dr. Stebbins was seized with a sudden chill, and it was found necessary to take him on to his brother's at Worcester, where, however, though confined to his bed, his condition is not considered critical. Rev. John Snyder, Rev. Albert Walkley, and Rev. Watari Kitashima spoke hopefully of "The Religious Outlook" in all its aspects. And then, after a few words of farewell from the retiring chairman of the Council, Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., the large audience listened eagerly to the closing address delivered by the ever beloved and ever inspiring father of the King's Daughters and the King's Sons, Edward Everett Hale, who closed his glowing speech with these words:

A long time ago a carpenter in Galilee said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The world will judge Unitarians by their fruits. It is in this feeling that we send this Conference home,—the delegates, kings and priests willing to undertake the work for the raising up of humanity.

Resolutions were heartily adopted as follows:—

Commending the work of the Tuskegee School under the presidency of B. T. Washington;

Expressing satisfaction with Saratoga and recommending the building of a convention hall;

Commending to parents and guardians the advantages of schools for their children where they will not be subject to proselyting influence;

Conveying to the Universalist Church assurance of regard and sympathy and desire for an increased acquaintance.

Favoring the admission of women to the National Commission of Divorce;

Condemning the liquor saloon; recommending that those who condemn the saloons abstain themselves from the use of alcoholic liquors; recommending everybody in general to abstain;

Eulogizing Hannibal Hamlin, ex-Vice-President of the United States.

Recommending the raising of $150,000 for further endowment, including the James Freeman Clarke Professorship of Meadville Theological Seminary; thanking the Endowment Committee that had raised $35,000 and discharging them;

Giving the appointment to the Council of a Committee on Revision of the Constitution.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, George William Curtis.

Vice-Presidents, Justin Morrill of Vermont, John D. Long of Hingham, Mass., D. B. Eaton of New York, Daniel L. Shorey of Chicago, Horace Davis of San Francisco, J. D. Clark of Worcester, Mass.

General Secretary, William H. Lyon of Boston.

Treasurer, William H. Reed of Boston.

Members of the Council: clergymen, Edward Everett Hale of Boston, Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo, Joseph H. Crooker of Madison, George Batchelor of Lowell, Frederick L. Hosmer of Cleveland; laymen, Mrs. Judith W. Andrews of Boston, John E. McKeighan of St. Louis, Mrs. George S. Hale of Boston, James A. Rumrill of Springfield, Mass.

Fellowship Committee: Eastern States, Rev. J. F. Moors, D.D., Rev. C. C. Everett, D.D., Rev. A. S. Garver; Middle and Southern States, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Rev. S. H. Camp, Rev. H. A. Whitman; Western States, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. John R. Effinger, Rev. T. B. Forbush; Pacific States, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDING OFFICER, HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I confess some little diffidence in finding myself in this place; for, although I have had some experiences of political conventions in this hall, I fear that I must call myself too much a stranger to a religious assembly. The word "religious" may, however, be ill chosen; for I have heard that Unitarians are altogether given over to "mere morality." But I have not been dismayed by hearing it, for I know of no Church or State that has been harmed by it; and it has sometimes seemed to me that both Church and State might be greatly benefited by a little more

mere morality. But I throw myself upon your charitable forbearance. Bred a Unitarian, I have been always accustomed to great freedom of thought and speech ; and I am confident that the parliamentary rules of a Unitarian conference, however they may restrict in the interest of others the excursions of our speech in length, yet will never constrain what Roger Williams called soul liberty, which is the distinctive glory of the Unitarian name.

My first duty, after thanking you, as I most cordially do, for assigning me to this place and welcoming you to the opening of this auspicious and promising congress, is to recall your thoughts for a moment to the distinguished man in whose place I stand, the late President of this Conference, Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Every church gladly decorates itself with the names of its great confessors. Every party and every cause is strong in the genius, in the renown and the service of its representatives. And the liberal religious spirit of this country finds its happiest illustration in the good and great men who have borne its name, in the great movements of progress and reform, social, moral, religious, with which it is identified, and with that constant extension of the spirit of religious liberty which universally prevails. I know that these are facts of which it is constantly said that we are most aggressively conscious and most painfully unwilling to forget. Why should we forget them? England remembers always with pride that Alfred, Shakspere, Newton, Howard, were Englishmen. Never does American patriotism tire of telling the story of Washington, nor any land the traditions of its heroes and of its heroic days. Tell me why should not Unitarianism point to its illustrious confessors, and say, These are my interpreters, these are my children ? Why should it not point to great public service, to noble character, to righteous lives, and say, If these are the fruits of heterodoxy, so much the worse for orthodoxy? I like to think that Mr. Justice Miller was a Unitarian, not because of any theological or ecclesiastical views that he may have held,—for I do not know what they were,—nor for any sectarian or denominational pride that I feel,—for I am not conscious of any,—but the association of his name, the association of the life, the character, and career of an eminent public magistrate and a constitutional jurist rivalled only by John Marshall, commends to public sympathy and intelligence the truth that Christianity is less to be considered an orthodox doctrine than a righteous life.

It is always an interesting question, and one upon which the reports and debates of this Conference will undoubtedly throw a great deal of light, whether the number of Unitarian societies in this country increases proportionately with the increase of population. I confess for myself that is a less important and less interesting question than the other: whether the spirit of Christianity, the spirit, that is to say, of love, of fraternity, of brotherhood, and religious liberty, is—as I think—constantly advancing. This last question is one which obviously cannot be answered in any very definite or detailed manner. It is not answered by counting all the churches and the communicants, all the preachers and the converts, of all the various denominations in the country, as indeed they are counted in the annual census. You may always enumerate in any community those who cry, "Lord, Lord"; but who shall estimate in numbers the great host of those who do the will of the Father? I am very sure that the increase in the number of Unitarian societies in the country is an indication of the deepening and extension of this spirit. For, although these societies may differ widely theologically and ecclesiastically, although they may not be bound by any common creed or profession, yet I suppose they do all cherish and faithfully inculcate the common faith at which I have hinted,—that the essential point of the teaching of Christ was less a theory of the divine nature, of the divine operation in the universe, than it is a body of rules for righteous living.

If conscience be the voice of God in our souls, I feel very sure, if I may judge your promptings by mine, that it does not exhort us to believe nine or thirty-nine or thirty-nine hundred articles. It exhorts us to do this because it is right, and not to do that because it is wrong.

A great many years ago, when my kindly friend, the successor of your old Dr. Hopkins, in his pulpit said to me, "My friend, all that you need to make sure of heaven is

a good dogma," it seemed to me that he might as wisely have said, "All that you need to save your soul is a correct pronunciation of the word 'shibboleth.'" I should be very little interested in this Conference if it were designed to draw more distinctly the lines or to build more firmly and strongly the walls of denominational difference. The other day Robert Collyer preached a Unitarian sermon in a Congregational Orthodox community of upright, industrious American men and women, in a community, so far as I know, where no Unitarian sermon was ever heard before, except one that I had myself the pleasure of reading,—a sermon of James Freeman Clarke's. And, while my friend Mr. Collyer was obliged to betake himself to the town hall to preach his sermon, I was invited into the pulpit of the Congregational church to read mine. And the only explanation I can give is found in some old saying about a certain class of people rushing in "where angels fear to tread." I have never seen, however, what to my mind was a more truly Unitarian spectacle than the preaching of this sermon of Mr. Collyer's. The hall was even more crowded than the one in which we are now assembled, if that were possible. And in front of all, standing upon the seat of the pew to be seen of all men and directing the singing of the hymns that we sung from the Congregational hymn-book, stood the pastor of the Congregational church. It was not surprising that a day or two afterward one of his neighbors said, "Well, Mr. Collyer, this morning we are all Unitarians." And why not? They had not heard it said in that sermon, "You must believe as I believe or be damned." They had heard only that they must love mercy, do justly, walk humbly; they must cast out of their lives evil passions and appetites, and fill them full to overflowing with the beauty of holiness. The same qualities of human nature that make parties in politics make in religious thought sects, denominations, creeds, and churches. But as in politics wise men are apt to see that party spirit leads to excess, and is therefore to be restrained rather than exasperated, so in our religious development sectarian feeling always tends to bigotry, intolerance, hatred, to the fires of the Inquisition, to the desolation of the Thirty Years' War, to the censures, the rebukes, the disciplines, the excommunications of bishops and of synods and of all ecclesiastical authorities. But our duty, the duty of all good men and of all good women, is something else than that. It is not tolerance. No human soul may tolerate another. Arcturus in the heavens does not tolerate Orion or the Pleiades. They all shine there by the same celestial light. Our duty is not to cultivate tolerance, but that spirit of universal love, of charity, of liberty, in politics, in society, in religion, in practical charity. It is to hear, in the words of another, of our brother lately dead, whose name will be always one of our precious possessions,— to hear in the words of Lowell, in "Sir Launfal," the words of the Master himself:—

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

May this be the spirit of our Conference as it is the spirit of the Unitarian communion!

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

PRESENTED BY THE CHAIRMAN, REV. BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.

The function of this Conference is, by its constitution, purely advisory. Its executive agencies are the existing institutions of our churches. The office of your Council is, therefore, simply to review the condition of things around us, and the doings and needs of our own various agencies, so that our deliberations may be wise and practical, tending to strong, united, consecrated action.

As we thus look around us and within, the key-note of our condition is slow, patient *progress*, but always progress. This has been the note of the past two years, and will probably have to be for many years to come. People do not become Unitarians in battalions. It takes thought to work clear of the misbeliefs and confusions of the past, and thought is of the single mind. But though it be only by ones, our brotherhood keeps growing. Slowly, but steadily, in many quarters the light increases. It is just a quarter of a century since in the first of these Annual Reports your Council looked

out upon the world in the light of that new confidence in Unitarianism which had just brought this National Conference into being. It is a different religious world upon which we look to-day. And, if it is not yet fulfilling all our hope, it is at least justifying it.

Our English brethren—one of whose foremost preachers we rejoice to welcome on this occasion—have made a most important gain. Their recent Conference was not only admirable in spirit and organization, but was one of the largest Unitarian gatherings ever held since the day of Pentecost.

Turning for a moment to those foreign countries in which we have some more direct missionary interest, we look first to Japan. Perhaps the most important immediate result of our work is that it is curiously helping changes in the other missionary churches. Japanese native Christians are beginning to take the matter of faith and creed into their own hands, and claiming that they must not be tied to the traditional orthodoxies of the West. In view of this, and we think wisely, our agents, Mr. Mac Cauley and Mr. Lawrance, are working hand in hand with the Free German Protestants and with the Universalist Mission. They feel strongly that it would be a mistake simply to add three Liberal sects to the already perplexing variety of Christian bodies, and that the true plan is to merge their work in one broad Christian liberalism. The more our liberal bodies can thus work together, the more really national will the work be, and the sooner will the Japanese be likely to take it into their own hands.

Even in India, where the death of Rev. C. H. A. Dall seemed to leave our cause almost without representation, new grounds for hope have curiously appeared. In two widely separated districts native Indian gentlemen of education have found themselves drawn right into Unitarianism, not by any missionary effort, simply by their own study of the Bible, and at first not even knowing what Unitarianism was; and the interest in it has taken hold of them with such force that it has already made them missionaries in their own neighborhoods, and may be the beginning of a larger work. One of these is Akbar Masih, a lawyer at Banda, in the North-west Provinces: the other is Hajom Kissor Singh, of the Khasi hills, in Assam; and to both of them your Council offer this word of cordial and brotherly greeting.

In fact, it seems as if the whole problem of foreign missions is gradually forcing itself upon us. Our first and chief work must ever be in our own land. But, if it be indeed a word of purer Christianity which is committed to us, there will surely open places in the great outside world also, where it must be spoken; and, when such calls come, we must be willing to spare not only of our money, but of our best men to speak it.

From these more distant interests, however, we turn to the religious interests of our own country and to the churches and work of our own immediate fellowship. It is not in boasting, but rather in humility, as in the presence of a great responsibility, that we have to say that never was the way for our work so open and the need for it so pressing. These two years have witnessed the breaking down here and there of the old exclusions which so long kept our fathers outside the recognized fellowship of Christian churches; and many utterances alike of truth and freedom, have sounded out from pulpit and press.

We are rejoicing in the elevation to a bishopric in the Protestant Episcopal Church of one of the noblest and broadest men in America; but let it not be forgotten that that same Church, at its latest triennial convention, made the reading of the Nicene Creed for the first time absolutely binding on its clergy, and that it has given—minorities, indeed, but minorities constantly increasing, in favor of a change of name to "*The* Church of America,"—a change which, by its implication that other religious bodies are *not* churches, would be the most insolent step that any sect has ever attempted in this republic. Or, again, we have watched with sincerest sympathy the efforts of a group of freer men among our Congregationalist brethren to widen the old New England Orthodoxy, both in the direction of larger hope for the dead and larger fellowship with the living. But it must also be remembered that at the recent International Conference of Congregationalists, when one of these men ventured a query as to the interchange of pulpits with Unitarians, the very query was howled

down with a "No!" so overwhelming that the chairman simply said there was no question to put. For those who are thus trying to stand for broader ways we have, indeed, only respectful admiration. But it is a position only possible to the strongest men; and, while we have no desire to question their personal consistency, we feel that we need, as a body, to emphasize to the world that *the true place for free men is in a free church.*

Therefore it is that it presses upon us, with an ever-increasing responsibility, that our church life and work be such as to invite free men, such as to offer them a manifestly noble field of service, such as to stand worthily before the world, both for our freedom and for the great truths to which that freedom has led. We want to see buildings stately and enduring, services dignified and beautiful, a ministry at once scholarly and devout, and organized activities worthy of those who feel that they have the seed-thoughts of the Church of the future.

In this bird's-eye view of our opportunities, a few needs call for special notice.

Our Meadville School is not, like Cambridge, in the very centre of all educational interest. It is hidden from public observation in a remote corner of Pennsylvania. Its good work, its great needs, the personal devotedness with which a few untiring friends have tried to meet those needs, are hardly noticed. Since the last Conference Meadville has been almost reconstructed. Its venerable principal, Dr. Livermore, has retired, full of years and honor. Two new professors of high scholarship have been appointed, and the whole management is thoroughly strong and healthy. All that it needs now is to be set upon its feet financially. For this it requires $150,000 endowment. This requirement was recognized and sanctioned by the last Conference; but, even though part of it was asked for as a memorial of our sainted Freeman Clarke, the subscription lags. This is one of the most pressing works at present before our churches.

Not the most pressing, however. The most urgent concern of this Conference is the adequate support of that central organization which is especially its executive arm, —the American Unitarian Association. It is upon this Association that comes almost the whole general work of our denomination,—the aiding of weak parishes, the organization of our missionary efforts, the fostering of new churches, the supplying of books and tracts, and every other need of a growing religious body. Do our people realize how steadily this growth is increasing, and with it the absolute necessity for larger means? Here are a few of the facts. I look to the earliest of our Year Books,—1846. In that year we had 248 churches. I look ten years later,—1855,—and I find just 249. I look ten years later, again,—1865,—and there are 260,—an increase of twelve in the whole twenty years. But in that year, 1865, this Conference was formed; and in the succeeding twenty years I find the number increased to 378 in 1885,—just six a year. Good; but there is better to come. Look at the increase of these past two years. In 1889, at Philadelphia, Secretary Reynolds said that, if our work went on as it was then doing, our workers might have forty new churches to show in these two years; and Dr. Hale said they ought not to show their faces here to-day unless they could report an increase of fifty.

The two years have gone. The returns from our agents are in, and the number of our new churches is sixty-one. But, while the *work* of the Association thus advances by "leaps and bounds," its *income* only advances at a snail's pace. The Council calls upon the churches, as their first and most pressing duty, to face this matter in straight business fashion, and to increase the income of the American Unitarian Association from the $55,000 at which it now stands to at least $80,000, the smallest amount by which even the barest necessities of our work can be met. A few words should be said of the Church Building Loan Fund. The whole fund now amounts to one hundred thousand dollars; but, large as this seems compared with its modest beginning, it is already all in use or promised, and still the need keeps growing. It is a need which should be amply met. Every dollar that is loaned by this fund really means three dollars raised by the places helped, and, after doing this work, comes back to be loaned out again. The aid it gives is thus *not* a gift, but calls forth the gifts of others; and there is no way in which our wealthy laity could more effectively help on our

church extension than by enlarging this fund so as to enable it to meet the ever growing need of these new churches which are springing up all over the land.

There are several other subjects which need attending to for the full welfare of our work.

The need of better provision for the education of our Unitarian youth is one of these. "Where shall we send our boys?" is one of the questions of the day. The best of the old-fashioned "academies," indeed, are in fairly liberal hands; but the best of the large new schools modelled on the type of Rugby and the great public schools of England are in the hands of Episcopalians, mostly of Episcopalians who unhesitatingly use them for proselyting purposes. We want a good public school of the highest class, which may take, for the years before college, the position of breadth and catholicity which among colleges is occupied by Harvard. This is not anything which can be carried out by denominational machinery. It needs a live, consecrated man to plan and initiate it, and large means placed at his disposal by private enterprise and faith.

So much has been said and written of late about the need of a high-class, scholarly Review that it is not necessary for your Council to dwell at any length upon it. But we should gladly welcome some literary enterprise of a frankly independent character, centring, if it might be, as has been suggested, in Cambridge, and supported by the personal enterprise and liberality which alone could give it a chance of success.

And now it is for the Conference to consider all these things, and, where needed, to urge them forward into fitting action. Every year enables us thus to go forward with stronger and more confident tread. Never were we, as a body of churches, more capable of doing whatever should be done. Our churches are more united than ever before, they are better organized than ever before. It is a more open world than ever before to which we have to speak our word. "Slow, patient progress" was the key-note with which this report began. Progress, slow still it may be, and patient, but progress ever, is the final word with which the Council submits these recommendations to the churches.

REPORT OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

PRESENTED BY THE SECRETARY, REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

My task is a far simpler one than that of my friend, the Chairman of the Council. It is to call your attention to the *working* side of our American denominational life,—to state, in briefest phrase, what we have done, what our prospects are, what our needs.

What work has our religious body done? I give only the broad outlines. Our local superintendents will fill in the details. Five years ago the National Conference met in Saratoga. In those five years what has happened? At least one hundred and ten societies have come into being, as many as were added to our number in the whole of the first forty years of our separate existence. Our tract circulation is ten times as great as it was in early periods, and all the time increases. The Japan Mission, with its great possibilities, is barely three years old. It sought us, not we it. Turn now to work which is only indirectly in charge of the Association. As late as 1885 the Church Building Loan Fund was organized. Already it has accumulated over one hundred thousand dollars, and aided forty societies to build houses of worship. The Montana Industrial School, where fifty Indian children are taught the elements of intellectual knowledge and trained in the arts of civilized life, has in about the same period been firmly established. For something over two years committees, partly from this Conference and partly from the Women's Alliance, have been seeking to secure a farther endowment for Meadville School. Already more than forty of the needed one hundred and fifty thousand have been obtained. Thus in every direction there has been increased activity. The last five years have been our royal years. In width of plans, in breadth of interest, in amount and variety of accomplishment, we have none to compare with them.

What now is needed that we may not be disobedient to the heavenly message? Real faith in the value of religious work for others. Real faith that rational religious convictions, wise methods of spiritual cult-

ure, and noble inducements to right living are as needful to human beings as food and clothing or rich mental equipment. Real faith that we have some of this religious work committed to us which nobody can do as well as we. Do we cherish this faith in our hearts, and always? At best, are we not apt to believe only spasmodically, under the pressure of strong appeals? If there is any one object more than another for which this Conference exists, it is to bear into the hearts of the thousands who gather here the sense of denominational responsibility for good work. A religious picnic, in which we exchange thoughts and sympathies, is a good thing. We need not apologize for it. An assembly which comes to listen to lofty themes loftily treated is a good thing, too. We need not apologize for that, either. But to be charged full with the solemn sense of work to be done is to receive the great blessing.

What, again, do we ask at your hands? Adequate financial support of your servant, the American Unitarian Association. Nothing can be more painful than the chronic position of the directors of that Association. On the one hand, they behold teeming opportunities; on the other, scanty means. Each year they come together. They know that, however prudently they may administer funds, the gifts of our churches will not be likely to be equal to the needful appropriations. Then they go right on, trusting that the benefactions of the dead will fill the channels which the living permit to run dry. They must needs be men of faith. If their faith should fail, if they should attempt to cut our missionary garment according to the scanty pattern our churches furnish, incalculable injury would be the result. You cannot begin an enterprise and drop it, you cannot open a church and shut it, and at your convenience take up things where you left them. No such necessity should be laid upon any body of men. Legacies should be kept for times of great financial pressure, sure to come. Our parishes should furnish, what they are amply able to do, the sum each year's work requires. Look at the facts. Last year our societies gave $55,000. We appropriated $80,000. A few parishes did probably all that they were able to do. Most could double their subscriptions. Some could increase them tenfold. If the two thousand men and women who attend our Conference could comprehend our providential position, their hearts would be so set on fire and their hands so strengthened that before the new year dawned all the funds needed to sustain the noble work which the providence of God and the need of man brings to our door would be collected.

One other need. Men! So long as our divinity schools graduate only enough pupils to fill the pulpits made vacant by age and death, fill such pulpits they will. Why not? An old parish is as well worth saving as a new one is creating. You may say, "Men come to us from other folds." Yes; but generally they come at an age and with burdens which require more remuneration than immature societies can give. There is but one remedy. Make our divinity schools more attractive. Crowd them with consecrated young men. A few years ago we largely increased the endowment of the unsectarian school at Cambridge. It has paid. No better body of young men was ever added to our working force than she has since furnished. Do the same thing for our own child,—Meadville. She is near to other sources of supply. She can furnish a good education at a moderate cost. Seventy-five thousand dollars more than has already been collected will put her in a state of efficiency. Does it seem a great sum for more than four hundred churches, full of men and women whom God has prospered, to raise?

Members of the Fourteenth National Conference, we bring to you a cheerful report; for the last five years have been years of advance. But into that cheerfulness we put not one note of boastfulness, but rather some touch of regret, if not impatience. Such a great path of usefulness opens before us, and we walk in it with such uncertain steps. Fellow-delegates, it is our privilege to fill our souls with a divine zeal to help man on his best side, and then to go home and communicate. If we and our successors do this, whosoever shall stand in my place ten years hence shall tell of an enlarged and enlarging kingdom of reason and truth, compared with whose broad bounds and wide outlook the little principality in which we dwell and take comfort to-day shall seem narrow, indeed.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

BY MRS. EMILY A. FIFIELD.

At the National Conference in 1878 a wise leader among the women suggested the idea that they should no longer attend the meetings simply as listeners and pleasure-seekers, but should take an active part, and urged that it was possible for them to join as a body in the work of stimulating denominational faith and work, and of spreading a knowledge of liberal Christianity wherever it was needed. A preliminary meeting was held and committees were appointed, with the result that at the next meeting at Saratoga in 1880 the Women's Auxiliary Conference was successfully organized.

It was from the beginning understood that raising money was not the first or primary object of the organization, although a small assessment was asked from each member "as an earnest of the faith that is in us"; but with a knowledge of the needs came the wish to minister to them, and so each year a goodly sum has passed through the treasury. During the first ten years nearly $50,000 was distributed through the American Unitarian Association to places where new churches were being organized or where small and struggling ones needed help; and nearly as much more was used for running expenses, Post-office Mission, and work not denominational, which therefore did not pass through the general treasury. This sum, which would not have been raised without the efforts of the Auxiliary, did not lessen the annual collections for the Association in the least degree. The Auxiliary Conference sometimes gave the first few dollars needed to start a church in a new place, and quite as often had the great satisfaction of completing an enterprise undertaken by the Association or of lifting a burdensome debt. The Conference added to the Church Building Loan Fund, to the Publication Fund, and to the Fund for the Widows of Clergymen; and money was given to the general work of the Association. Various branches assisted in the educational work at Tuskegee Normal School and Proctor Academy, and paid the expenses of students at Harvard and at Meadville; while substantial aid was given toward the fulfilling of the pledge of the denomination to the Montana School. The collection and distribution of miscellaneous literature, early undertaken as fit work for the Auxiliary, were faithfully continued, with results entirely satisfactory. The need of reading matter for sailors, soldiers, Sunday-schools, prisons, hospitals, reading-rooms, and lonely individuals, seems practically without limit; and every branch has had a demand to meet, for which the letters of hearty and grateful response were an ample return.

The Post-office Mission has given the women new ideas of their own belief. If sometimes astonished that, as a denomination, the Unitarian is so small and so little known, the constant growth of its underlying principles, and the interest shown in all directions to obtain a closer and better understanding of it, has been a new and continual wonder. The efforts of the women to answer wisely the multitude of questions asked from every point of view have broadened and extended their knowledge of religious and denominational life, and quickened their sympathies on every side. This retrospect of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, necessary at this time, shows that Unitarian women can work as earnestly, as systematically, and as successfully as the women of other denominations, who, we know, do so much.

In the mean time the women of the Central West had been incorporated in a separate conference, doing with the same purpose the work as it presented itself to them. The women of the Far West proposed a Pacific Coast Conference to carry out the same ideas. The same high purposes, the same earnest, reverent spirit, the same devotion to the principles of our faith, actuated alike the members of these organizations; but it was easy to see that there was danger of misapplication of force, of overdoing in some directions while other needs were overlooked, and it began to be felt that in union there was a safety that could never be gained by independent working. This feeling was most strongly expressed by the branches in New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey, which had united, and, as the New York League, worked with marvellous success. Gradually a plan was conceived to

unite all women workers and form one really national body. The time chosen to bring about this change was when the Women's Auxiliary Conference had outgrown its simple constitution. Beginning as an auxiliary to the National Conference, a purely advisory body, the necessity of its very existence questioned, and the details of its work indefinite and vague, it had become a legislative and executive body, assuming all the duties of an Auxiliary Association, without authority from its constitution. During the year 1888-89 a committee of able and trusted women from different sections of the country drafted a new constitution, designed to meet the demands of the broader conditions of the Auxiliary Conference, and to which all existing organizations might subscribe, as the basis of the work, religious, missionary, and denominational, would remain without change.

This constitution was carried into effect on the 24th of October, 1890, the new organization taking the name of National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women, the work continuing without interruption. In thus coming into closer relation with each other than ever before and forming a National Alliance, each local organization or branch still continues free in its own thought and action, reading its own books, sending out its own literature, choosing its own methods of carrying on the work, but keeping close knowledge of what the Alliance as a whole and the different branches are doing, that all interference with others or overlapping of assistance may be avoided, and that the greatest mutual benefit may be secured.

It is hoped, then, that the National Alliance, with its form of government, marks an advanced step in those special fields of denominational activity which Unitarian women have undertaken to fill. If the first object and the highest motive of Christian women is to live rightly, to spread the truth, to help in putting down error and wrong, to cultivate and build up the good and the true, it seems wise that they should be banded together and form that union which is strength.

The purposes of the National Alliance have been plainly declared, and it would seem no difficult thing to unite all women of our faith upon principles so self-evident and reasonable as those declared in the objects of the society.

In reviewing the work of the last year, so fruitful in results, it is gratifying and cheering to find such a deep and wide-spread interest in the Alliance, such evidences of vigorous determination to carry out its plans as designed and maintain its national character; but the ideal Alliance will not be reached till the women in each one of our churches meet together and fully identify themselves with the work of the whole.

Believing in a National Alliance, no wise effort, no self-sacrifice, no enthusiastic devotion, must be spared to bring about such a result.

CONFERENCE COMMENTS.

Sixty-one new Unitarian churches since the last National Conference two years ago!

25 years ago we gained	1	church	each	year.
10	"	"	"	"	6	churches	"	"
5	"	"	"	"	12	"	"	"
To-day we are gaining	35	"	"	"

Each new church means cleaner life, less drunkenness, more culture, deeper purity, better government, and wider soul-liberty for all people in the town in which it is established.

At every meeting of the Conference there were present two thousand people, representing twenty-seven States, Canada, England, and Japan. Two thousand eager hearts knit together by the spirit of the new Reformation! Two thousand Unitarian missionaries!

"We have got a good article," said Rev. Charles G. Ames. "Our problem is how to get it on the market. The living truth may be public property; yet a divine industry, such as we discover in the New Testament, is necessary to get it into circulation."

No one was more in earnest than the President of the Council, yet the Conference outdid him. He called for $1,200 to pay expenses, and $2,000 was subscribed on the spot. The $800 will go to Meadville.

The youngest people present, if we can determine that delicate question by the glowing light of life that still breaks forth

from them in word and look, were Robert Collyer and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

The man who leaned forward after each round of applause and hoarsely inquired of his neighbors as to the point of approbation soon became familiarly recognized as "our latest intelligence."

Mr. Watari Kitashima won all hearts by announcing himself as a "little chap or Jap." He said the book that had done most to prosper our cause in Japan nowhere used the name "Unitarian," but you could tell it was Unitarian all through by "the smell"! He said the best thing to do was "not to cross the ocean and have sea sick, but to bring Japanese students here and teach them to teach themselves." The Conference gave him a fine round of applause when he summed up the whole Japanese mission question in the graphic phrase, "You press the button, and we'll do the rest."

"GAMBLING A SIN."

Editor of the Unitarian:—

With your permission, I would like to say a few words upon the article in the August *Unitarian*, "Why is Gambling a Sin?"

It seems to me that Mr. Snyder's article, though good in itself, misses the point.

If I understand him rightly, his answer to the question is: first, that we owe it to God and society that we make a worthy use of the wealth which is intrusted to us; second, that gambling is a wrong use of money, hence the sin.

Does it necessarily follow that the man who wins money by gambling will make any worse use of it than would the original owner?

Mr. Snyder asks: "May not a man do what he will with his own?" "If a man is willing to give something for nothing, who is wronged?"

I think he fails to see, or at least to state, that every man who gambles does so in the hope of getting rather than giving something for nothing. No man would gamble, did he not expect to win: he hopes to get his neighbor's goods without adequate return, and has the spirit, if not the conduct, of a thief.

Therein lies the sin of gambling.

S. F. S.

Editor of the Unitarian:—

I hail with great satisfaction any new light in which to view the despicable vice of gambling. And I offer an additional word simply because it will give "S. F. S." and myself another opportunity to call renewed attention to a subject in which we have a mutual interest. I thank your correspondent for giving me this chance of restating, briefly, my principal position in relation to gambling. To me gambling is a *sin* mainly because it blunts in a man the sense of the sacred function of money. Money means labor, devotion, self-sacrifice, and the intelligent use of power. And the holder of wealth should be taught to consider the sacred nature of the trust confided to his hands. And my purpose was to try to show to the ordinary man who uses money selfishly, foolishly, and harmfully, simply because it is *his*, that he cannot consistently blame the gambler who is willing to risk his money on the flip of a die or the turn of a card. Any man has "the spirit, if not the conduct, of a thief" who gives nothing to the world in return for what he takes out of it. Very truly,

JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is with pleasure that we announce an important addition to the editorial force of the *Unitarian*. Rev. Frederick B. Mott of Salem, Mass., has recently become the permanent associate editor, with his office at 141 Franklin Street, Boston. Mr. Mott needs no introduction to our readers, as he has already made himself well known to them by the numerous articles from his pen that have appeared in these pages within the past four years. *Articles* intended for publication should be addressed to Mr. Sunderland, at Ann Arbor, Mich. All notes from the churches and items of religious news of every kind should be sent to Rev. Frederick B. Mott, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

The *Unitarian* reaches its readers this month a little after time; but we are sure none will regret the delay, since thus we are able to give them an account of the Saratoga Conference, which is our great denominational event of the year. Of course, our

space allows us to give no more than a mere glance at the various meetings of the three and a half crowded days, and only a few choice morsels from the rich feast, intellectual and spiritual, which was spread for all. We print entire the opening address of Hon. George William Curtis, the president of the Conference, than which nothing could be more graceful, fitting, or noble. We also print nearly in full Dr. Herford's stirring report from the Council, and considerable parts of the excellent reports from the American Unitarian Association and the Women's Alliance, made by Mr. Reynolds and Mrs. Fifield. These reports tell the inspiring story, not of dreams dreamed, but of deeds done,—the story of two years of such advance as Unitarianism in this country has never known before in all its history. SIXTY-ONE NEW CHURCHES ORGANIZED WITHIN THESE TWO YEARS,—THINK OF IT! Let every loyal Unitarian in America read these reports, which are nothing less than thrilling in their interest. They alone ought to go far to set the whole denomination on fire with new zeal in the great work to which God and the age calls us.

Dr. Hermann Adler, at his installation as Chief Rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire a few weeks ago, declared the mission of Israel in the world to be "to spread the knowledge of the unity of God, the supremacy of virtue, and the brotherhood of man." How exactly is this the mission of Christianity, too, as Jesus taught it!

A correspondent from one of our Western cities, where we have an earnest young preacher at the head of a new Unitarian movement, writes with an enthusiasm that is contagious: "We moved into our new hall to-day. Our audiences are doubled, and you may look for good work and good results here. Is not Unitarianism grand? How glad people are to welcome a religion that has humanitarianism in it!—glad they can see humanity in God and God in humanity! How near it brings us to God and God to us!"

The question of reading for children is one of the most perplexing that parents have to solve. Perhaps some who are anxiously asking themselves what books to put into the hands of their boys and girls may be helped by a mention of the following list of books of science, all of them first class, that have been read through with great interest within the past two years by a thirteen-years-old boy of our acquaintance: "Around the World in his Majesty's Ship 'Beagle,'" by Charles Darwin; "Life and Correspondence of Louis Agassiz," 2 vols., by Elizabeth C. Agassiz; "Geological Sketches," by Louis Agassiz; "A World of Wonders," by Arabella Buckley; "A History of Natural Science," by Arabella Buckley; "Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land," by Sarah Cooper; "Physical Geography," by Archibald Geikie; "Living Lights, or Phosphorescent Animals and Plants," by Charles F. Holder; "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," by Sir John Lubbock; "Animal Intelligence," by George J. Romanes.

We print by request, but with pleasure, the following from the *Christian Union:*—

"An organization known as 'The King's Household of Bible Readers' was started in 1885, in the city of Philadelphia, by Rev. Edwin H. Bronson. It provides for the reading of the Bible in four years. The first year the historical books are studied; and, in possession of their facts, the student may intelligently interpret the teachings of the poetical, prophetical, and epistolary books read during second, third, and fourth years.

"Systematic, consecutive reading and note-making, with reviews, are its distinctive features. It aims to give its members a thoughtful familiarity with every part of the Bible text. No one can faithfully pursue this course without compassing this end.

"It enters its sixth year with much encouragement. From those who have finished the course come words of enthusiastic praise. After receiving the certificate, many join the new class and go over the course, saying they cannot do without it. New members say, 'This is just what we need: we find it very helpful.'

"All are invited to join the class of 1895, now forming. For full particulars, send one-cent stamp to Mrs. E. H. Bronson, Salem, N. J."

Of course, the value of such an organization as the above depends upon the spirit and intelligence with which it is carried on. To read the Bible as it ought to be read,

with open eyes, and in the light of the facts as to what its various books really are, is in the highest degree good; and, doubtless, to read systematically is the best plan. To read the Bible through in four years' time is not a heavy task: the great requisite is system and persistency. We believe there are hundreds and thousands who could do nothing so wise, nothing so intellectually and spiritually beneficial, as to enter upon such a plan of systematic Bible reading.

But, having said so much, we ought in perfect frankness to say further that we doubt the intelligence with which the work of this particular organization is done. Judging from a circular which we have received from it, the reading seems to be carried on without any of that knowledge which the Biblical scholarship of the past fifty years has brought to light. It seems to be done on the outgrown and utterly mischievous theory that the Bible is perfect and infallible in all its parts; that it was given to the world in the form in which we now have it, as a perfect revelation from God; that Genesis is real history, and not legend; and that the eighteen so-called prophetical books are full of miraculous predictions of historic events, and especially of the coming of Jesus Christ. To read the Bible in this ignorant way, and under the bias of this vicious theory, is only to perpetuate superstition and injure more than benefit the reader. And there is no excuse for such reading. We are now getting an ample Biblical literature, which, in scholarship as well as in popular attractiveness, is all that can be desired. And we are getting it in books that are not expensive. For a very light cost one can obtain the knowledge which will transform the Bible into a new book, not only vastly more interesting than it was before, but lifted up to a distinctly higher moral plane. If the "King's Household of Bible Readers" will set its members to the task of reading the Old and New Testaments in a broad and intelligent spirit, and with these adequate aids, it will do a work of great and permanent good.

It seems likely that public attention is soon to be called to the trial of Dr. Charles A. Briggs by the New York Presbytery for heresy. The Presbytery is to meet in October, when the committee's report will be made; and, as the members are all in favor of prosecuting Dr. Briggs, there seems to be no reason for doubt that the trial will take place. It will be remembered that the principal charges made against the accused are three: disbelief in the Bible as the only true source of authority in religion; disbelief in the verbal infallibility or "inerrancy" of the Scriptures; disbelief in the immediate sanctification at death of all souls dying in the faith.

Charles Scribner's Sons make the important announcement that they are beginning the publication of a series of valuable theological works by the most advanced orthodox scholars of Great Britain and the United States, to be called the "International Theological Library," and to be edited by Prof. Charles A. Briggs of New York and Prof. S. D. F. Salmond of Aberdeen, Scotland. The library is to consist of the following books: "The Literature of the Old Testament," by Prof. S. R. Driver, D.D., of Oxford, now ready; "Apologetics," by Prof. A. B. Bruce; "History of Doctrine," by Prof. G. P. Fisher; "Symbolics," by Prof. Philip Schaff; "Comparative Religion," by Principal A. B. Fairbairn; "Theology of the Old Testament," by Prof. A. B. Davidson; "Christian Ethics," by Prof. Newman Smyth; "Christian Institutions," by Prof. A. V. G. Allen; "The Philosophy of Religion," by Prof. Robert Flint; "The Contemporary History of the Old Testament," by Prof. Francis Brown; "The Literature of the New Testament," by Prof. S. D. F. Salmond.

Regarding this series of books, two or three thoughts suggest themselves:—

1. The launching of such an important literary and theological enterprise as this library, under the editorial charge of Prof. Briggs, at this particular time when he is awaiting trial for heresy, cannot fail to add to his prestige and strength, and make it more difficult for his denomination to pronounce against his teachings or to disturb him or the theological seminary that retains him. It is plain that all the eminent men who are to give us books through the library are in essential sympathy with the views of the man chosen to be the American editor-in-chief; and the practical indorsement

they give him by this arrangement is about the strongest that it would be possible for them to furnish. It is clear that somebody has been doing some very shrewd planning in Dr. Briggs's behalf.

2. The subjects to be treated in this library are so important, and the writers are so able and fair-minded, that the books will deserve to be widely read. Unitarian, Universalist, and other liberal ministers and scholars will be glad to have their attention called to them; and many such will be certain to add them to their libraries.

3. While the series is as strong and as advanced in thought as it well could be made and be confined to men claiming to be representatives of Orthodoxy, it is distinctly less broad, less weighty, less scholarly in the best sense, less valuable, than it would be if it contained works by such untrammelled scholars as Dr. Samuel Davidson, Dr. Martineau, Principal James Drummond, and Prof. Estlin Carpenter of England, and Prof. Toy, Prof. Everett, Prof. Cary, and President Cone of this country, not to mention the great independent scholars of Holland, Germany, and France. Has not the time about come for us to be given from some source an "International Theological Library," not limited to "orthodox" lines, but furnishing us the best fruits of theological and Biblical scholarship in this country, England, and on the continent of Europe, in a spirit of absolute unsectarianism, absolute breadth and freedom?

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

A Prayer.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends: O Father, hear it!
Up-soaring on the wings of awe and meekness,
Forgive its weakness!

We see Thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us.
And then we turn away; and still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! But Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal!

—*Sir John Bowring.*

Monday.

The Secret of a Happy Life.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him,—that is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and, whate'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His word;
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard;
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises;
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice,—
That is all! And thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Tuesday.

In Prison.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there.
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Naught have I else to do,—
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less,
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,—
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love,
And in His mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of my mind.

—Written by Madame Guion, when imprisoned in the Bastile.

WEDNESDAY.

Peace.

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found.
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.
Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near.
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen,—
Lo! peace is here.

—Edward R. Sill.

THURSDAY.

A Perfect Day in October.

The earth is wrapped in a dream of bliss,
In a rest complete;
And the touch of the air is like a kiss,
Comforting, sweet.
And the tiny creatures are singing low
As a lullaby;
And the watching silence doth stir and glow
As the wind creeps by.
And there is the sun's own mantle flung
On the chestnut tops,
And yonder are tangled rainbows hung
With shimmering drops.
And over the things so soon to die
Is a gentler law,
A hush of peace and a tenderer sky
Than the summer saw.
Open the windows wide to-day,
Where a soul may dwell,
In the heart of a palace grand and gay
Or a prison cell.
Oh, look, ye happy, till pleasure grows
To a nobler thing;
Till you bring your joy, as the amber flows
For an offering.
And look, ye weary, till grief and pain
Transfigured shine;
Rejoice for the crimson glory's gain,
The holiest sign.
Oh, mourn ye never that hope is lost,
That rest delays:
They are after summer and after frost,
These sweetest days.
Often and often will skies be gray
And hearts be sad;
But the Lord hath made us a perfect day,—
Let us be glad.

—Carl Spencer.

FRIDAY.

Take Heart.

Take heart of grace and look before
Instead of backward on the way;
Wash out the old regretful score,
The sorrowing sins of yesterday.
For what's the world and all its days
But ours to try and try again?
Not ours to falter on its ways,
Not ours to fling aside for pain.
Take heart of grace, then, day by day;
Take heart of grace, and sing each morn,
"To-day's to-day, not yesterday,
And all the world is newly born."

—Nora Perry.

SATURDAY.

Light and Life.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"—PSALM xxvii. 1.

Life's Fountain is with Thee, O Lord,
From Thee its springs arise;
They issue from the rainbowed throne
Within the starry skies.
In Thee alone our being is;
In Thee we live and move;
Refresh us daily with the streams
That flow from heaven above.
The living waters to us give,
Rich showers of grace outpour;
Unseal for us the springing well,
That we may thirst no more.
All that we need is hid in Thee,—
Peace, pardon, light, and life;
Strength for the battle that we wage,
And victory in the strife.
O Morning Star! the darkness break,
And chase the night away:
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And usher in the day!

—Charles D. Bell.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The proceedings of the Tenth National Temperance Convention held at Saratoga last July have been printed in full in a pamphlet of two hundred pages, to be obtained from the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York, at a cost of 25 cents. It is well worth the price to secure Mrs. Livermore's admirable paper upon "Woman's Work in the Temperance Reform," from which the following paragraphs are taken:—

"If the wealthier classes, and those who are included in what is called 'good society,' would banish wine and all intoxicating beverages from their social gatherings, and also from their households, the effect on the humbler classes below them would be of incalculable benefit."

"The scepticism prevalent in the community which assumes that, because drunkenness has always been the bane of the world,

it always will be, paralyzes the efforts of large numbers of good people. The same unbelief formerly prevailed concerning slavery which existed among all civilized nations at the opening of the nineteenth century, but which now is nearing extinction. 'Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly, in the end, overcome everything,' said Coleridge; and history teaches us that, 'in the long run, the right comes uppermost, and justice is done.' There is needed to workers in the temperance reform an unshaken and ever-present faith in God, and that he works for righteousness,—a conviction that whoever stands for the right and opposes the wrong is a co-worker with God, and takes on something of his omnipotence, and can never therefore be ultimately defeated."

The fact that the German emperor is giving serious consideration to a new bill for the suppression of drunkenness is significant. In the first place, it proves that the evil of intemperance in beer-drinking Germany is greater than many have supposed,—a fact which appears also from this: that the German government has begun an inquiry in regard to the use of impure spirits, and "how far these may be regarded as leading to crime." Germany is certainly suffering from drunkenness, and the German Emperor and his ministers propose to present this bill to the Reichstag.

The bill contains many restrictions upon the sale of liquors, one of which is the requirement that every ordinary bar-room shall furnish food with the liquor,—a provision recently repealed in Massachusetts.

The saloon-keeper is "to do all in his power to hinder the abuse of spirituous liquors,"—not to sell to any person under sixteen years of age, nor to intoxicated persons, nor to any one who has within three years been punished as a confirmed drunkard. These provisions certainly show great confidence in the good intentions of the liquor-seller. He is to see that drunken persons are conducted to their homes or handed over to the police, nor may he sell on credit. This is all significant, as showing a desire on the part of the emperor to check the evils of intemperance, even if he may not have chosen always very practical means. In regard to habitual drunkards, the bill provides that "a man who, on account of drunken habits, is unable to manage his affairs, or who, by his conduct, threatens to bring his family into want or to endanger the safety of others, may be placed under a guardian, and that this guardian may, with the consent of a court, place his ward in an asylum for inebriates."

A preliminary report to the Secretary of the Treasury of the operations of the Internal Revenue Department, during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, gives the aggregate collections from distilled spirits as $83,335,963, an increase of $1,648,588; from fermented liquors, $28,565,130, an increase of $2,556,595. The total quantity of distilled spirits of all kinds produced during the year upon which internal revenue tax was paid was 87,473,798 gallons, an aggregate increase over the previous year of 3,430,462 gallons. Of fermented liquors the production was 30,478,192 barrels, nearly half a barrel for every man, woman, and child in the country, and an increase over the previous year of 2,916,248 barrels.—*Temperance Advocate.*

A ship laden with $60,000's worth of New England rum left Boston for an African port a few weeks ago. This is but one instance of what goes on as a regular trade. There are nine distilleries in Massachusetts, seven within five miles of Boston. Each has an average output of from 75 to 100 barrels. A great deal of this rum is sent to the West and the tobacco districts of the South. Very little comparatively is consumed in New England, her people preferring whiskey. The stuff which is sent to Africa is of the cheapest sort, and its baneful work is going on year after year. How much longer shall this stain of dishonor rest upon New England's fair fame? is a question which it behooves every one of her loyal children to ponder earnestly.—*Boston Traveller.*

C. R. Eliot.

GUILD DEPARTMENT.

TALENTS.

A Paper read before the Guild at Exeter, N. H.

Some one is thinking, "This subject has little interest for me, for I have no talents."

Let us see what a talent or talents are; and, thinking again, I am sure you will find you are not talentless.

The definition of the word "talent" is a particular faculty or natural gift in any direction, and said to be borrowed from the Scriptural parable of the talents, the story of which is familiar to us all.

We are too prone to think that to be talented is something great, like Mozart's talent for music or Raphael's for painting. We can in a short time count the wonderful men and women of great talent; but what of the millions and millions that remain,—has God made them talentless?

No: it is only that those we speak of are the wonderfully gifted,—those of the five talents; while we, the mass, are those of the two talents, or even one.

Generally, talents in themselves are not such remarkable gifts: it is the man or woman that owns the talent that makes it wonderful.

First comes the talent; then, as limitations, first, the will, second, the moral power, and, third, physical strength.

But why are talents given us? Is it that

we may have an easier time in this world, —that, after we find our talent, we can rest on having that alone?

Jesus said, "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." We see that talents are given us as incentives to bring out our will, courage, and strength. In this parable of the talents of which I have spoken, of course money was meant; but we take it as an illustration of the kind we are speaking of to-night. We add to or double our talents, if we make the most of what has been given, even though it seems very insignificant to us.

Christ teaches us it is not the greater or the less talent we have, but the fidelity with which we guard and improve it.

How many make the most of their talents, and, again, how many abuse them! We often hear of talented men as forgers, drunkards, and criminals: their talents were abused.

Let us mention a few things generally spoken of as talents. We say such a one has a talent for music, art, science, medicine, writing; but we do not mention one-hundredth part of the talents God bestows on his children. There are many gifts which I feel sure come under the list of talents which are not generally regarded as such.

But let us first look into the way in which some who have received five talents have used them. "To those who are given much, of such much is required." Milton felt this when, in his blind agony, his poetic soul cried,—

"And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide."

In Milton we have an example of talent first and unmistakable. The strong will laughed at blindness, his moral courage kept him noble and pure; but lastly came the physical weakness with which he had to contend.

Goethe was a man of five talents; but how morally crippled he was!

Edgar Allan Poe is said to have been one of America's greatest poets: his talent was great, but he lacked a strong will, was morally and physically weak. Mozart was truly great: his glorious talent, strong will power, moral courage, and physical strength, all worked in harmony; and, in reading his biography, one feels almost as though he were reading a beautiful poem.

Alexander Pope was wanting in the last, but by no means the least, of these talents; that is, physical strength.

His body was frail and misshapen, and his sufferings, of course, had their effect on his mind. Hence he was quite liable to be fretful and peevish; but he had a strong will, and manfully did what he could with his talent.

I am acquainted with a young woman who had, as we say, a wonderful talent for music. She could reproduce the air on the piano of anything she heard, however difficult; but she knew nothing of technique, and lacked the will power to persevere, was vain of her talent, and neglected her opportunities. Her teacher told me she was her poorest scholar, but ought to be her most brilliant.

What was the result? Her talent was wasted, her education neglected, and she has nothing to turn to but plain sewing by which to earn her livelihood.

We frequently read of a man's best work being done at forty, fifty, sixty, or even eighty.

"Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years.
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men.'
Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty, wrote the 'Canterbury Tales';
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past."

If they had seen their talent at once, perhaps they had never become famous: it was the working up, step by step, until the precious talent was found a crown to faithful labors.

Dorothea L. Dix spent her life in alleviating the sufferings of the insane. She had been heard to say that she felt it her duty, as she had no special aim in life; but was this not a talent, and by faithful labor did she not double her talent, and could she not say to her Master, "Thou gavest me two talents: I bring thee four"? And many another equally as noble,—

"Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
'Here is thy talent in a napkin laid';
But labored in their sphere, as men who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them, eternal peace and rest,
And a fulfilment of the great behest,
'Ye have been faithful over a few things:
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings.'"

How many of our wealthy and influential citizens that we daily read or hear about, started with nothing, with no talent visible but strength of body and mind! A determination to succeed has finally gained them the top round of the ladder of success, and the world speaks of them as our men of talent and genius.

Many years ago a poor boy living in Indiana was very ambitious for an education. At the age of eighteen he had received but one year's schooling, and his library consisted of six volumes: he gradually worked

his way along, studying evenings and working either on a farm or in a store during the day. Later he supported himself by land-surveying, meanwhile studying law; and in this way, step by step, with strong will, moral courage, and physical strength, he became a man of five talents.

As we generally think of talents, few possess them; but, as we study what talent means, I feel sure it would be difficult to find the man or woman who has not at least one talent.

"Remember, every man he made
Is different, has some deed to do,
Some work to work. Be undismayed:
Though thine be humble, do it, too."

ANNIE STEVENS.

We found considerable interest in the guild movement at the National Conference. Quite a number of ministers are thinking of forming guilds. In the meeting in which the subject of "Our Young People" was discussed Rev. Thomas R. Slicer strongly presented the need of "religious nurture." But we feel that many are waiting for definite information and suggestion in regard to the actual formation and conduct of young people's religious societies.

With a view to meet such a need, Rev. G. W. Cooke has suggested that the subject be presented to our local conferences, and steps toward that end have already been taken. Several speakers will doubtless be at the service of the conferences to give in brief presentation the facts and make such appeal as seems fitting. We hope for good results.

The committee on the project of founding a guild paper is as follows: Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., Mrs. Wesley Martyne, Mr. W. A. Rodman, Miss Kate L. Brown, and Rev. C. F. Abbott. These are to meet Monday, October 5, at the A. U. A. Building, Room 11, at ten o'clock. The question of making the plan include all the interests of young people will be considered.

B. R. BULKELEY, *President.*

LITERARY NOTES.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society has just begun the publication of a series of weekly lesson leaflets, by Rev. J. C. Learned of St. Louis, on "Religions of the Older World." The price is 50 cents a hundred. Address 175 Dearborn, Street, Chicago.

The Student Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn., have in press "Bibles within the Bible," being the text of Genesis and the first twenty chapters of Exodus according to the Revised Version, in varieties of type to exhibit the constituent sources according to the analysis of the best critics, with notes explanatory of the processes of redaction. The author is Rev. B. W. Bacon.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, are issuing three books of special interest to Unitarians; namely, a volume of sermons by Dr. F. H. Hedge, a volume of sermons by Rev. H. W. Foote, entitled "The Lord's Prayer," and a book by Dr. J. T. Bixby, entitled "The Crisis of Morals," a criticism of Spencer's theory of ethics.

The London *Inquirer* announces that Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel "David" will be issued by Macmillan & Co. in November in England and America.

The third volume of Renan's "History of the People of Israel" is just issued by Roberts Brothers.

The *Century Magazine* will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by publishing a "Life of Columbus," written especially for that magazine by Emilio Castelar, the famous Spanish orator, statesman, and author.

Dr. W. S. Crowe is printing in the *Universalist Monthly* a series of very interesting sermons on "Phases of Religion in America." The subjects of the separate sermons are: "Puritanism; or, The Religion of the Book"; "Methodism; or, The Religion of Experience"; "Catholics and Episcopalians; or, The Religion of Symbolism"; "Universalism; or, The Book against the Book"; "Unitarianism; or, The New Basis,—Humanity against Tradition"; "Christian Theism; or, The Revolt from the Materialistic Revolt"; "The Consensus of Reason; or, The Religion of Eclecticism"; "Spiritualism; or, The Religion of Demonstration"; "Ethical Culture; or, The Religion of Agnosticism"; "Reform within the Churches; or, The Growing Denial of Creeds"; "What is the Outlook?"

Persons who believe that the work of social purity is important, and that the White Cross movement is one that has not been inaugurated any too soon, may well subscribe for the *Philanthropist*, an excellently conducted monthly published in New York (P.O. Box 2554). The editors are Aaron M. Powell and Mrs. Anna Rice Powell, two of the wisest and ablest workers in this cause that we have in this country. The price is only 50 cents a year. Send, also, to the same address for literature on the subject in pamphlet form.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of concise biographies of the men whose systems have marked successive stages in the progress of education, from Aristotle to Dr. Arnold. It will be edited by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia. Mr. Thomas Davidson will undertake Aristotle; J. G. Fitch, Pestalozzi; J. Courthope Bowen, Froebel; Prof. Butler, Horace Mann.

Sir Edwin Arnold's letters from Japan will be published in London and New York by Longmans, Green & Co., under the title

of "Seas and Lands." They will appear very soon, and will be elaborately illustrated from photographs. The same firm have in press "Anthropological Religion," by Prof. Max Müller, the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow early this year.

"The Moral and Religious Development of Thomas Carlyle," by Dr. Edward Flügel of the University of Leipzig, has been translated into English by Miss Jessica G. Tyler, and will be published this month by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York. The work is believed to be the most valuable study of Carlyle that has yet been made.

We are requested to announce that the office of the American Institute of Sacred Literature has been removed from New Haven to Chicago, and will be located hereafter at 391 Fifty-fifth Street, in the last-named city. All mail intended for the Institute, for Prof. W. R. Harper, or for the American Publication Society of Hebrew, should be addressed as above.

Rev. S. Fletcher Williams of Scarborough, Eng., from whose pen we print in this issue the first of two articles on "Jerome of Prague and John Huss," was for some years the editor of the *Unitarian Herald*, and is the author of several books. He is somewhat known on this side by articles in the *Unitarian Review* and *Christian Register*. His present contribution is his first to the *Unitarian;* but we hope it will not be the last.

A bound volume of Western Unitarian pamphlets of the years 1886–87 has been placed by the editor of the *Unitarian* in the A. U. A. Historical Library, Boston, the library of the Meadville Theological School, and the library of the Harvard Divinity School. The volume contains the following pamphlets: "The Issue in the West," by J. T. Sunderland; the "Statement" prepared at Lakewood, Chautauqua, and signed by Dr. Livermore, Dr. Peabody, and others; the "Open Letter to the Unitarians of the West," published by the Western Unitarian Association; "The Problem of Fellowship in Religion," by Rev. A. N. Alcott; "The Ethical Basis Movement: Its Motive and Argument," signed by C. A. A., S. C. B., and H. W. F.; "What is Unitarianism?" signed by Charles A. Allen and nine other Unitarian ministers; a pamphlet entitled "Unitarian Christianity," issued by the Western Unitarian Association, containing a sermon by James Freeman Clarke on "The Western Conference Position," and articles by Prof. H. H. Barber and others; and two circular letters, one to the members of the Women's Western Conference and the other to the members of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, by Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland. It is believed that these pamphlets are all of permanent historical interest.

Rev. John W. Chadwick says of "Philomythus," Dr. E. A. Abbott's able discussion of Cardinal Newman's "Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles": "No study of Cardinal Newman will hereafter be complete that does not include this vigorous contribution to a right understanding of his logical procedure. It is a needful counterblast to the chorus of indiscriminate praise which has resounded in the Cardinal's honor since his death, with only here and there a discordant voice calling a halt to the too hasty conclusions of the eulogists, the most of whom do little more than echo a few leading panegyrics. It is difficult to imagine how any sincere and honest person, though he were a devout Roman Catholic, could read this book without being convinced that Newman was a master of the art of self-deceit; that, for all his brilliant dialectic, he was no searcher for the truth, but merely a searcher for ingenious excuses for foregone conclusions which he was bound to come to at all hazards. In the range of intellectual effort, it may well be doubted whether another mind so daringly and shamefully sophistical as Newman's can be found."

The firm of James Clarke & Co. of London, publishers of the *Christian World*, announce that on October 15 they will publish the first issue of a monthly review of religious intelligence, to be called *The Review of the Churches*. Its general plan will be something like that of Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*, and it will do all in its power to promote ultimate Christian unity. The acting editor will be Rev. H. S. Lunn; and the publishers have secured for special editors the following gentlemen: Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. (Anglican); Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D. (Presbyterian); Rev. John Clifford, D.D. (Baptist); Rev. John Mackennal, D.D. (Congregationalist); P. W. Bunting, M.A. (Methodist). This is all very good; but why has not Stopford Brooke or Prof. Estlin Carpenter or Philip Wicksteed, or some other competent person, been secured to represent the Unitarians and Free Christians of England?

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The Arena (September).

The Newer Heresies. By Rev. George C. Lorrimer.

Fashion's Slaves. By B. O. Flower.

Another View of Newman. By William M. Salter.

The Old and New Testament Student (September).

The Modern Jew and his Synagogue. By Prof. T. W. Davies.

Scribner's Magazine (September).

Our American Homes. By John R. Spears.

The City of the Sacred Bo-tree. By James Ricalton.

Browning's Asolo. By Felix Moscheles.

New England Magazine (September).

The University of California. By Charles H. Shinn.

The French-Canadian Peasantry. By Prosper Bender.

The Review of Reviews (September).

At "The Cross-roads of the Pacific." By Sereno E. Bishop.

The Working-girls of Chicago. By Katherine A. Jones.

The Unitarian Review (September).

The Peace of the Church. By William Everett.

The Higher Individualism. By Nicholas P. Gilman.

The Andover Review (September).

Criticism *versus* Ecclesiasticism. By Rev. Stewart Means.

Some Experiments worth Trying in the Ministry. By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

The Challenge of Life. By Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster.

The Atlantic Monthly (September).

A Study of Analogy. By John Burroughs.

An Innocent Life. By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

Courts of Conciliation. By Nicolay Grevstad.

Lend a Hand (September).

The Neglected Classes. By E. E. Hale.

Postal Savings Banks. By Charles E. Buell.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. M. F. Dryden of Allegheny, Penn., formerly a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having asked to be admitted to the Unitarian fellowship, and having furnished satisfactory proof that he is well fitted to do good service in our ministry and is eminently worthy of our recognition, is hereby cordially commended to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

D. W. MOREHOUSE,
S. H. CAMP,
GEO. L. CARY,
Committee on Fellowship.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The Sunday-school of the Unitarian church here is to devote the year to stay-at-home travel through Palestine. In the first lesson the whole school was taken by steamer to Joppa, and the journey up and down the Holy Land began. The aim will be to find out everything possible about the land and its historic places, connecting with each place the important characters who have lived there and the important events that have occurred there. Several adult classes, including one or two of college students, have been organized to join in the work. There will also be a large students' class in a study, to run through the entire year, of the great religions of the world outside of Judaism and Christianity.

Ayer, Mass.—George E. Littlefield of the Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, has been ordained as pastor of the Unitarian church here. Rev. Edward Everett Hale preached the sermon, and Rev. Joshua Young of Groton made the ordination prayer. The charge to the minister was by Rev. Grindall Reynolds of Concord, the address to the people by Rev. J. F. Moors of Greenfield, and the right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. E. J. Prescott of Littleton. About thirty Massachusetts churches were represented by ministers and delegates.

Baraboo, Wis.—A correspondent writes: "Cast down, but not destroyed, we are rallying again. Our debt, that has been a millstone to us, we are bound to pay soon. The ladies have met, and are determined to do their part. There is a paper out for subscriptions. Our longing desire is that, when Mr. Forbush comes, we shall be able to see our way clear for a minister."

Bloomfield, Ia.—The South-eastern Iowa Association of Universalists met in annual session in this beautiful little city September 8, 9, and 10; and the spirit of the gathering was most delightful. The societies represented were Bloomfield, Cedar Rapids, Mount Pleasant, and Keokuk (Unitarian). The services were in charge of the Cedar Rapids and Keokuk ministers, Messrs. Palmer and Pratt; and the interest increased until the closing hour was regretfully reached.

The Bloomfield society have thoroughly rebuilt their church during the summer, and now have as cosey and homelike a room in which to worship as any liberal church in Iowa. They are few, but devoted, as is shown by the fact that, until their church was closed for repairs, the Sunday-school had not missed a session in eighteen years. They have no minister at present, but are under the watchful eye of the pastor at Keokuk.

Boston and Vicinity.—The most intensely interesting though by no means the most pleasant item of Unitarian news here is the resignation of Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., from the pulpit of Arlington Street Church. Dr. Herford resigns his position here, the most influential in the denomination, solely, as he tells his prudential com-

mittee, in a letter dated September 25, "from a sense of duty which compels me to this change." It is mighty hard for any of us who have had opportunities of seeing the extensiveness and the intensiveness of Mr. Herford's influence here to admit that any louder call for the uplift of his voice, the outlook of his clear judgment, or the stir of his magnetic presence, could come from any quarter of the civilized globe than already demands him here, in the centre of American Unitarianism. On the other hand, it is equally impossible for any Unitarian Bostonian to understand how any position can offer greater attractiveness, either socially, intellectually, or in any other way, than that of minister to the church of Channing in the city which indisputably claims to be the capital of American culture. We are, however, compelled to accept the fact, regretfully feeling, as Mr. Herford himself feels, that the very thought of parting is a heart-wrench.

—Dr. A. A. Miner of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church is to remain, the society having voted to give him an assistant who is to take the burden of work from Dr. Miner's shoulders.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—This society, which visibly demonstrates that a practicable union between the different branches of the liberal church is not a difficult thing, has entered upon its programme of fall and winter work with commendable zeal. The audiences are larger than at any previous time in the history of the church, and the various parish committees are zealously at work in their several fields. Rev. J. H. Palmer still remains to minister to the people, and is full of words of praise for the hearty response they render to the demands which he makes upon them.

Fall River, Mass.—Rev. Arthur M. Knapp is to preach here for the next three months.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Rev. Walter F. Greenman was installed as pastor of the Fitchburg Unitarian church September 2. A reception was held at five o'clock, and supper at six o'clock. The sermon was by Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston, and charge to the people by Rev. W. H. Pierson of Somerville, late pastor of this church. Rev. S. M. Crothers and Rev. A. M. Lord also took part in the services.

Keokuk, Ia.—The calling of the Rev. W. A. Pratt to the pastorate of this historic church seems to be fully justified by the results. The audiences are constantly growing, the Sunday-school is vigorous, and an aggressive, a hopeful spirit is everywhere manifest that promises much for the near future. It is an inspiration to the cause of liberal Christianity in the entire State to know that this church of blessed memories is again in the front rank with those who work that the will of God may be done in the earth.

Manistee, Mich.—Rev. A. W. Gould preached his farewell sermon the last Sunday in August, and on Monday evening a parting reception was given him by his people to whom he has much endeared himself. He goes to Hinsdale, Ill.

Marblehead, Mass.—Rev. J. B. Barnhill has been delivering a series of discourses at the Unitarian church on "Some Prophets of our Modern World," including in the list Mazzini, Shelley, Parker, Carlyle, Channing, Ruskin, Goethe, Newman, Emerson, Martineau, Priestley, George Eliot, and Browning. The lesson the preacher has endeavored to impress through all has been that God's inspiration is present, perpetual, eternal, not a thing of the past merely.

Meadville, Penn.—Prof. George L. Cary was elected president of the Meadville Theological School at the last meeting of the trustees. The school opens with forty students, every dormitory in Divinity Hall being occupied.

Middleboro, Mass.— The Middleboro *Gazette* prints a stirring sermon by Rev. W. H. Ramsay on "Saving the Lost." This was on the occasion of the first regular service in the new and beautiful Unity Church, which was dedicated September 2.

Oakland, Cal.—The beautiful new religious home of the First Unitarian Church here was dedicated in the presence of a crowded congregation on the evening of September 6. Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston preached the sermon, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., offered the prayer of dedication, and many neighboring ministers took part in the proceedings.

Pacific Coast.— The Pacific Coast Women's Unitarian Conference has been working on quietly and steadily for a year, and now comprises six branches,—in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, San José, Los Angeles, and San Diego. The annual meeting takes place in Los Angeles in October, in connection with the annual meeting of the general Pacific Coast Conference.

—Dr. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco was the only Unitarian minister of this region who went East to attend the meeting of the National Unitarian Conference in Saratoga. Pressing work and distance kept all the rest at home.

—Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston has extended his tour of preaching and lecturing through most of the larger cities of Washington, Oregon, and California, everywhere drawing large audiences and making a very strong impression.

—The new Unitarian church in Oakland was dedicated on September 6, Mr. Savage preaching the sermon. All the services were very interesting. The building is beau-

tiful, commodious, and admirably adapted to the uses of a working society.

—The Unitarian church in Seattle extends a most hearty greeting to Mr. William G. Eliot of the Senior Class in the Harvard Divinity School, who began a year of work here on September 1. All enter upon the year, under Mr. Eliot's leadership, with hope and courage. Mr. Savage's recent visit was a marked event in the history of Unitarianism in Seattle.

Sturgis, Mich.—A correspondent writes: "We have had Unitarian services here twice each Sunday during the past two months, Mr. Walter E. Lane of the Meadville Theological School officiating. Mr. Lane has left an impression very favorable on the public mind, and goes home to-day bearing with him the affectionate regards of those who have been edified by his excellent discourses. Between fifty and sixty of our thoughtful and respectable citizens have signed a request that Unitarian services be continued in Sturgis, and a statement that the subscribers, some of whom are among the most wealthy and influential inhabitants of our city, are willing to co-operate in establishing a Unitarian society here.

Toledo, Ohio.—The *Commercial* prints a vigorous sermon by Rev. A. G. Jennings on "Gambling."

Whitman, Mass.—The new Unitarian church in Whitman has been dedicated. The new building is 60 by 40 feet, and has an auditorium finished in ash. The cost of the structure was about $8,000. The address was delivered by Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston.

JOTTINGS.

All tear-drops are for fruitage, and all dark clouds for glad harvests.

It is the business of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is scrubbing some part.—*Thoreau.*

Bronson Alcott said, of Transcendentalism, "It means that there is more in the mind than enters it through the senses."

"And thefts from satellites and rings
And broken stars I drew;
And out of spent and aged things
I framed the world anew."

God is continually making our personal disappointments and the shattering of our plans open doors, through which we pass into better things than we dreamed of.

The problem of how to make city life healthful and elevating for the working classes has been grappled with by the first London County Council in a way which no American city government rivals. This council, it will be remembered, is the popularly elected body which displaced the Old Metropolitan Board of Works. In this case, the change from aristocratic government to democratic government did not simply mean that the old machinery was manned by new men, while it kept on doing its old work. The scope of its work was changed, and the machinery itself changed to accomplish it. The report of Sir John Lubbock, the Chairman of the Council, shows that during the two years of its existence it has spent eight millions of dollars in the destruction of plague-saturated rookeries and the construction of sanitary tenements; it has provided improved bathing-places for London's apprentices, and found "pitches" for over a thousand cricket and foot-ball clubs; it has made the parks attractive by supplying swings and seats and gymnasia and places of refreshment; it has maintained a line of free ferry steamers, which has made coal a shilling a ton cheaper for a million people in the East End; it has furnished an abundance of new fire-escapes for the crowded districts; and it has established for all employees on public works a "moral minimum" wage and a "moral maximum" day. The reforms of the past two years have been carried out without a perceptible increase of taxes. During the coming year the Council wishes to extend its work by the purchase of the gas and water supplies, both of which are now controlled by private monopolies.

At the unveiling of the Beecher statue in City Hall Park, Brooklyn, June 24, Hon. Seth Low, LL.D., President of Columbia College, summed up the character of Henry Ward Beecher in these words:—

"Every man, forsooth, must have his home in some one place; but the great men of the earth overleap all boundaries, and become the fellow-citizens of all men. Such a man was Henry Ward Beecher. From this city he swayed the minds and hearts of men in vast multitudes for forty years. From this centre his words traversed land and sea, carrying inspiration, comfort, courage, and something of the exhilaration which freedom brings wherever they were borne on the four winds. The slave heard his voice, and in the midst of despair took heart of hope. The slave-owner heard it, and writhed under its sting. The free North heard it, and found it like the sword of that Spirit which divideth even the joints and marrow. Men might cry peace, peace; but for consciences compelled to listen to his burning words there could be no peace while the flag of the Union waved over a single slave. At a time when law and lawlessness alike conspired against the advocate of the slave he made this city the torch-bearer of freedom. By his dauntless spirit he made good at all times the words which he shouted in the teeth of Isaiah Rynders and his mob, when they broke up an abolition meeting in New York: 'In Brooklyn we have free speech.'"

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Editor, JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN, *Cambridge, Mass.*

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW aims, first of all, to give faithful expression to the more deliberate thought of the body whose name it bears, especially of that thought which flows in the lines of its religious activity and life. But it knows no limit of sects or creed in the sources from which it draws or the ends for which it works. Criticism, speculation, or dogma, however dear to many, it holds subordinate to what concerns the immediate welfare of men.

In the field of Theology, this Review will welcome without distrust, and record without prejudice, whatever results appear to be fairly made out by critical investigation. It is pledged to no body of opinion, but only to a method which promises to bring about in the future a better harmony than now exists between religious thought and the intellectual life. It holds that Religion lies very near the actual lives of men; and that Theology, having to do with all the higher ranges of thought, has before it a definite constructive task, in the interpretation of those spiritual laws in which the welfare of man and communities is closely bound up.

Questions of the Day, especially those which touch upon matters of Political or Social Ethics, will continue to receive a large share of its attention; and regarding these the widest freedom of discussion will be encouraged. Great enterprises of Christian Charity or Social Reform, such as those so conspicuous at this moment in London and elsewhere, will (so far as possible) be reported by communications from observers, critics, or workers upon the spot.

The Editor has established, through personal communication, in the interest of this Review, lines of Correspondence with eminent leaders of opinion — theologians, religious teachers or workers, and men of letters — in England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, and Hungary, as well as in America, which he trusts will serve to make it a true representative of that broad movement of Liberal Religion, which is so marked a feature of our own time. It is his hope that every number may include contributions from one or more of the sources here indicated.

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